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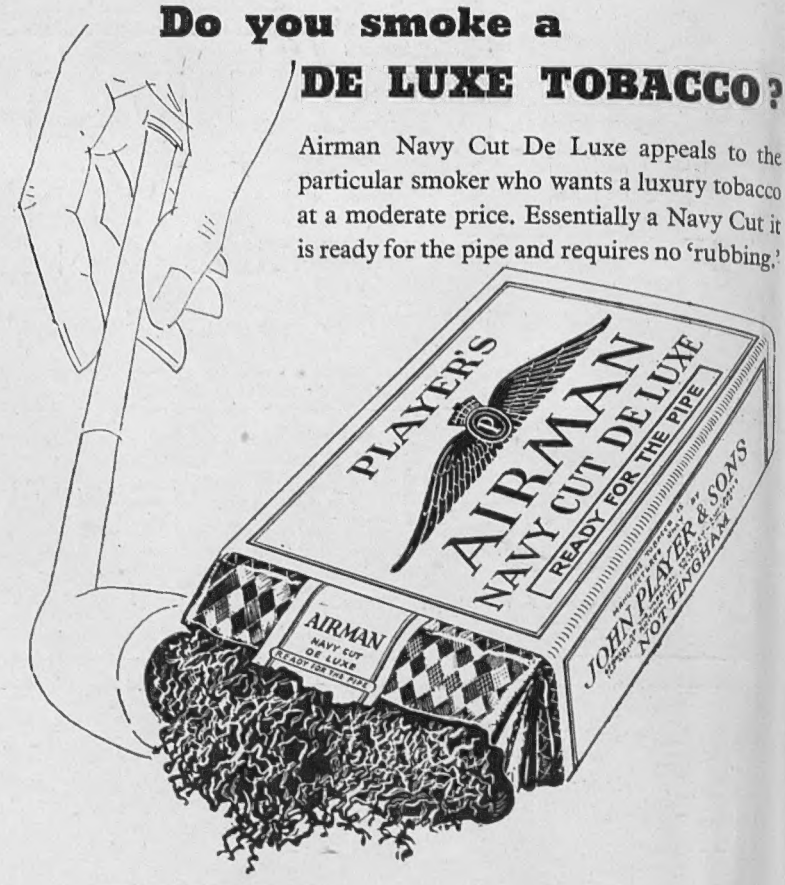

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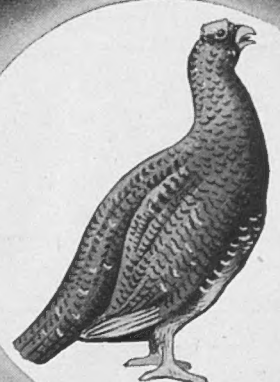

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 22, 1936

SUMMER IN EARNEST

Blackpool's Thronged Beach as the Weather Changed its Tune Last Week-end

The weather, its wantonness ever a topic of conversation in this country, has been consistently unpleasant throughout the summer season, spoiling the holidays of countless office workers who have but a fortnight a year in which to court the sun and enjoy the delights of the open air. Last week-end witnessed the long-awaited change for the better, however, and, although strangely enough snow fell in Northumberland, the greater part of Britain enjoyed brilliant sunshine and temperatures soared to the eighties. Thousands of people trekked to the sea, Brighton and other South Coast resorts attracting their quota of Londoners, while Blackpool, favourite of the Lancashire folk, regained its pristine animation and gaiety

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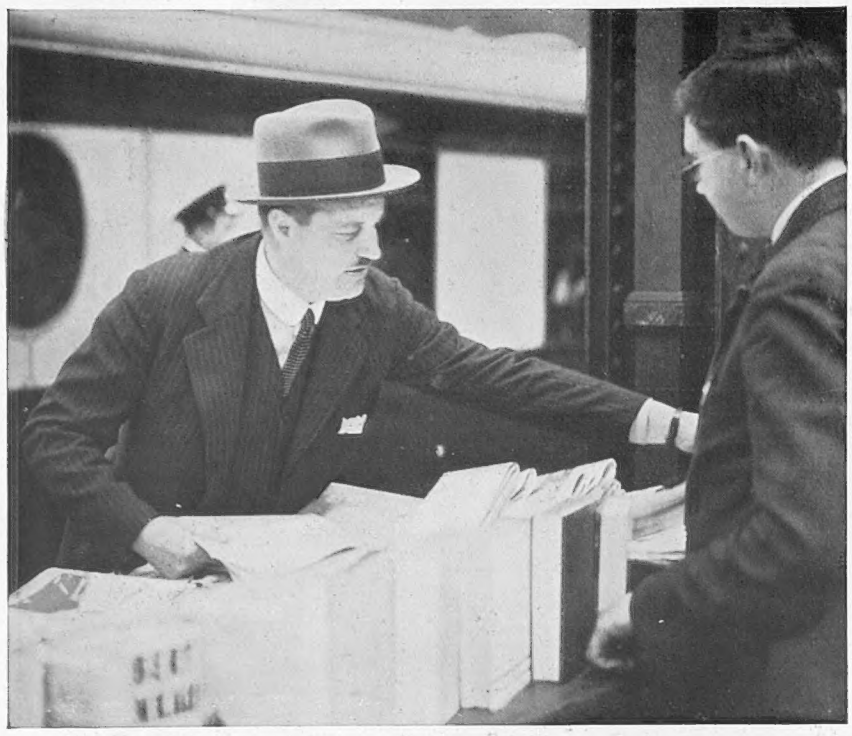


HOLDING THE FORT: Mr. G. A. D. Ogilvie-Forbes, Counsellor at the British Embassy in Madrid, who was on leave in England when the Civil War broke out, buying a paper at Victoria Station before starting his return journey to Spain to take full charge of the Embassy. On arrival he addressed a meeting of about one hundred British residents, explaining to them the urgency of their leaving while they still had the chance. Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes, who hails from Aberdeenshire, is fitted both by temperament and experience for his difficult task and, having spent a considerable time in Mexico, he can claim to be something of a connoisseur of Latin revolutions

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, August 19, 1936.

APOLOGIA FOR A HOLIDAY.—If, for this one week of the year, I give readers of the Newsletter but a meagre ration of topical matters of interest, I hope they will forgive me; nay, I believe they will thank me. Topical matters of interest have for many months been preponderatingly gloomy. They have proved too often destructive; too seldom constructive. They smack of war rather than peace, of Bedlam rather than of harmony and brotherhood, and they suggest, not the dawn of an enlightened age but the red eve of Armageddon. Despite these gloomy mutterings, in the face even of the prophecies, and efficient propaganda, of the Pyramids I planned to take a holiday—for even a journalist is the better for one, and that presumes that his readers will be the better for *his* holiday. And my holiday (for reasons of economy) requires that I take the North Road once more by easy stages to the Sutherland border, instead of, more quickly and comfortably and safely, tying my car on to the back of a Scots express. And if you flog along the road all day and reach a friend's house each evening on the route, only to repack and start again next morning before the papers arrive, you have little inclination and little opportunity (believe me) to study the political developments of the day and to give your readers even a sketchy individual appreciation of what they may import. While therefore, the ever-changing panorama of holiday Britain flits past me at the average rate of 34 miles of it every hour; while the stark and ugly by-passes of Hertfordshire lead me to Royston; while lordly Stamford forwards me on swiftly and smoothly to Grantham; and the broad, dull plain of York (with its constant whispers of big business away to the west) carries me to the limits of the Roman civilisation of Britain and on to brown and splendid Durham; while by the wild road across Carter Bar I am borne into the land of romance and Walter Scott, and through the Athens of the North by the rationalised Queen's Ferry to the city of the Fair Maid, and onwards under the snarling Sow of Athol and the kindlier shadow of Cairngorm to the happy valley whose chief beauty is Rothiemurchus, and ever on across the sad mosses of Culloden to Inverness and beyond, along the fine new roads of Sutherland, until I find a place where deer are many and men are few, I hope (and believe) you will excuse me if I prove to know as little as you of what is really happening in Spain, in Greece, in China, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Downing Street; and talk rather of cabbages than Kings.

HOME FROM THE STATES: Evelyn Laye and her husband Frank Lawton seen on arrival at Southampton on their return from Hollywood where the former has been enjoying a holiday after her Broadway season and the latter has been working. Mr. Lawton made two pictures while in America, both thrillers, and has come back to play in *The Mill on the Floss* which will shortly go into production with Tim Whelan directing

"FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS."—The shooting season is in full swing. Football has begun seriously in Scotland, and dependable statistics of rainfall during the late, and little lamented, summer are already published. The wettest summer in living memory, if not the wettest for a century. It has had about four rivals in the past 200 years. The question is: are we justified in calling it a summer for statistical purposes? Would it not be fairer to keep 1936 out of the records of summers? There wasn't any. Yet this wet (so-called) summer contained notable droughts. Nairnshire, usually a very dry county, which enjoyed 11 ins. of rain in July, suffered a long and disastrous drought earlier in the summer (so-called). The general average of rainfall for June and July together is given as 9 ins., but in almost every county some recorder would certainly give much higher figures Bristol, for example, with its notable cloudburst, and several places I could name in Wales, the Midlands, the North of England, and even on the East Coast. A record for sunlessness also. We have never once got used to—let alone grown tired of—the sunshine. That normal and seasonable longing for keener air has not been felt. For the late summer has been a record also for low temperatures. The number of evenings since May on which a fire of some sort has not been welcome could be counted on the fingers of two hands. So much for the late summer.

WEATHER AND HEALTH.—It is my hope and belief that, when the experts get tired of diet as the key to health, when vitamins and calorifics (and the nicely calculated less or more) are scrapped and forgotten, the medico-scientists will turn their attention to the weather. I mean something more than the discovery or rediscovery that a wet summer is bad for rheumatics, and a sunless summer forewarns of a winter bad for lung sufferers and likely to produce serious 'flu epidemics. I demand something more intricate than an examination of the properties of sun rays. I visualise rather an examination into the effect of abnormal and sudden weather changes, of long periods sunless when the sun should shine, cold when it is usually warm, wet when it is normally dry. My experience tells me that freaks of weather produce wide and important re-actions on people's nerves and bodily health and that such effects are often immediate and by no means the result of a slow loss of vitality, due for example to lack of sun or overmuch damp. I believe in short that the weather of the day has an astonishing reaction on the health of the day, and that a freak day or anything out of the normal for the season of the year, produces an immediate effect on the health of such individuals who possess nervous systems abnormally sensitive. The remedies which may follow on the proofs of this theory are another matter. It must be admitted that not much practical use has yet been made of the ascertained properties and values of various types of food, scientifically catalogued. The available food stores are all now admirably labelled but the medicals, "chefs and housewives," seem curiously unwilling to write out a menu for a square meal. When they have turned their attention to the weather and discovered the nature of the powers for evil of a sudden weather change, it will be still harder for them to set down in writing the means by which those evils may be countered. The weather seems still to laugh at us in the age of triumph for scientific discovery, and even the conquest of the stratosphere may not succeed in controlling it to our requirements.

THE TEST TEAM.—I have done my best to contribute something to the vast literature which is piling up about the Test team which is now complete save for the second wicket-keeper and an all-rounder. An Australian Test team consists of seventeen players and the initials of their surnames ought by rights to spell some hopeful word or words, like "England on top" or "victory smiles." Unfortunately, the Selectors made an *initial* mistake. Only the captain has a name starting with a vowel. On the other hand, that unfortunate and vulnerable authority has done well to produce from sixteen individuals:—twelve bowlers, four left-handers, five star outfields, three star slips, two wicket-keepers and ten proven batsmen—total thirty-six. That is a conjuring trick which deserves our praise. Voce has made his submission and goes out. Larwood has not and does not. Holmes was a surprise item, but the latest reports indicate that this delightful player will not be able to make the journey. More's the pity, for, unlike so many others, he takes his cricket gaily. The selectors have neglected my advice and given the go-by to Gimblett. Perhaps they know better than I. It is a possibility which occurs to few of their critics in the Press. It is not such a terrific side as that which four long years ago lifted the ashes under Jardine, but I wager it will have a jollier time and leave many friends and admirers behind. Two months ago we wondered if it were worth sending a side at all. The chosen team to-day has quite an atmosphere of efficiency and hope, though Bradman, McCabe, Fingleton and Co, are gey tough timber to shift. Good luck to it.

CRUISING IN BALTIC WATERS: The Right Hon. Lord Russell of Killowen, Mrs. William Graham (wife of Mr. William Graham, the chairman of Illustrated Newspapers), and Lady Russell of Killowen, pictured on the sun deck of the Orient liner, *Orion*. Many distinguished passengers went on this cruise to the Northern capitals

BLOOD SPORTS—THE PERFECT ARGUMENT.—With the resumption of stag-hunting and the return of the "blood-sport" season there can be nothing more relevant than an ample quotation from an "apologia" for stag-hunting which I rescued a year ago from the *Exeter Diocesan Gazette* and which was from the pen of the late Bishop, Lord William Cecil. It is so perfect in its choice of words, in breadth of mind, in soundness of argument, in ingenuity and restraint, in tact and sense, and in its shrewd observation of nature that it must stand for all time as the perfect answer to cranks and even honest "humanitarians," who forever raise the controversial question of "blood" sports. The Bishop said: "The rightfulness of such sports is indeed a difficult question. I was once an ardent lover of them, and now no

only do they give me no pleasure, but fill me with repugnance. Yet I cannot think them wrong. Two things are wrong: first, to cause unnecessary suffering, and secondly to take pleasure in necessary suffering, for this tends to degrade that most delicate and beautiful part of a mind which feels pity and loves mercy."

WILD LIFE IS HAPPY.—I think that the misunderstanding, for it is that, arises from not being conversant with the animal world. Those who love to watch wild life know that death and suffering are to animals in a different relation to what they are to human beings. The animal has no forebodings and but slight memory of danger. Death is soon forgotten, and there is no expectation of it. Animals, like rabbits and rats, which multiply quickly die quickly, and yet while in life are profoundly happy. Hunger seems to be the thing most animals dread. The hunted deer will not grow thin with worry and anxiety. He will be profoundly happy, ready to fight to the death, and to suffer wounds in his effort to claim many hinds as wives. The moment of the chase will be like the moments of his great battles, which in my boyhood I often watched lying in the bracken. Suffering there is none. The mind of the stag does not meditate or think; he acts. The death of the hunted deer is one of exhaustion, and it is therefore a merciful death. Weariness robs the mind of fear. I have seen many men die that death. If the followers of the hounds gloried in the deer's suffering they might be degraded. But they are thinking of their horses, the hounds, and themselves, and therefore suffer no degradation. I could not now myself relish a hunt, yet I am glad that the sport endures, for I love to think of those wild deer on their native moor, and if the sport was given up those glorious beings would have to be destroyed. Surely the harm which men like the opposers of stag hunting do is this: they withdraw attention from the serious evils of life. They are teaching men to strain at the gnat and swallow the camel.

THE PROMS.—For the forty-second season Sir Henry Wood poised his baton at the Queen's Hall last week, amid a bombardment of welcoming applause. Sir Henry is one of the most popular figures in public life. His Promenade concerts are essentially popular and democratic. If proof be sought, what better can be adduced than the fact that they start just when the privileged few are packing up for distant lands and open-air lives. True, the wireless will keep even the outposts in touch with Sir Henry and that admirable B.B.C. orchestra which never made a finer start than in this year's opening test-case, *Till Eulenspiegel*. But for your true supporter of the "Proms," the radio is not enough. He must be inside the Queen's Hall, rubbing shoulders with his music-loving neighbour, breathing the air—the stuffier the better—of fine music and watching the bows of the violins rising and falling in perfect timing. What is worth remarking here has been forgotten of late. It was Sir Henry who discovered that there was any sort of British public which could soar higher than "Gilbert and Sullivan." Sir Henry Wood discovered music in the British race and has made us more musical every year. Hence our enthusiasm. He took away our reproach among nations.

HOLIDAY READING.—I give, according to ancient custom, a list of books for holiday reading which have interested me during the past half year. I omit those of a modern political type because it is clearly desirable that all who plan a holiday should recreate their minds, surfeited with political fare and banquets of European crises. So let me recommend of travel books Birch-Reynardson's admirable and unassuming account of his family motor drive across Africa, *High Street, Africa; Sailing Across Europe*; and several of the late Mr. Harvey Darton's books on England, such as the reprinted *Marches of Wessex*, a book chock full of knowledge, atmosphere, and wisdom; as also *Alibi Pilgrimage*, which is just out, and *English Fabric*, which came out in the spring. These are all old England to the core. Mr. Darton died only recently, and before his last book came out. *England Have My Bones* is old England also, and modern times combined in a lively autobiography. The war atmosphere is brought right back in an impish fling at the old type of cavalry general in *The General* by Forster; and for more serious readers Mr. Lascelles' *C. J. Fox* should be read as a model of history and biography and style. Mr. Hugh Walpole, on the same theme, urges that for every new book you read, you should read an old classic. It is a theory I have bored you with. I go further. I say that you should read two old classics for every new book. Great writers have been writing books for many centuries. Our generation is restricted (like others) to 30 years and is not the only generation in which literary genius flourished. You have therefore still a lot of ground to make up. Therefore I say to you (not for the first time) that with your new meat you could do worse than make very palatable and useful sandwiches with Jane Austen, Scott, Trollope, Thackeray, Blackmore, Stevenson, Froude, Kinglake, Macaulay. And if you do not soar above thrillers, you may learn that Wilkie Collins and Sheridan Le Fanu and Conan Doyle have little to learn in the art from the moderns. Try me out by taking on your holidays this small selection:—*Pride and Prejudice* (Austen); *Barchester Towers* (Trollope); *Esmond* (Thackeray); *Master of Ballentrae* (Stevenson); *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century* (Froude); *Lorna Doone* (Blackmore); *The Moonstone* (Collins); *Uncle Silas* (Le Fanu); *Rodney Stone* (Doyle).

PASSING OF A PARLIAMENTARY CHARACTER: The Right Hon. Lord Banbury of Southam, who died last week at the age of eighty-five, never held any official Government post, but during his thirty-two years as a Conservative M.P., first for Peckham and then for the City, he became one of the best known figures in the House and gained a reputation as the greatest parliamentary obstructionist of his time. It was always his opinion that there was too much legislation and, as the uncompromising champion of the old order, successfully opposed many a Bill that imperilled the maintenance of traditions. Lord Banbury's unfailing courtesy and the entire absence of bitterness in his nature won him many friends and the regard and liking even of those to whom his political views were most distasteful

SPORTSMAN AND FRIEND OF ALL: Sir Harry Preston whose death at the age of seventy-six has robbed the sporting world of one of its greatest personalities. Throughout his life he had a passion for boxing, and he had a genius for hotel keeping and an even greater genius for friendship which brought him into contact with princes, peers, Cabinet Ministers, politicians, writers, artists, actors, lawyers, and in fact all sections of the community. During the war, and in the following years, Sir Harry raised close on £100,000 for hospitals, partly by means of his annual boxing tournaments in which on occasions he himself took part

THEY'RE TIRED OF THE 8.15 TO TOWN: These six enterprising London mannequins have thrown up their jobs and banded together, announcing that they are prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice by land, sea, or air, giving fashion displays or tackling any other jobs of which they feel capable

THE KINGSTON BY-PASS.—Finished in 1927 and opened, I think, by Mr. Baldwin with a humorous remark bearing a curiously macabre and prophetic double entendre (it is more curious still that I remember the fact), this by-pass is already accepted as "out-of-date." Nine years ago it was opened with acclamation as the "last word." But it was never popular, never a "happy" by-pass. I have had the choice of it every week for ten years and I have seldom by-passed Kingston (tiresome as Kingston is to drive through) all those years. The foundations of the road were in places very tricky and cost the constructors a deal of extra work, and patching was for ever necessary. In nine years this by-pass has revealed one of the most rapid ribbon-development transformations of a countryside static for generations, that I can recall. There are good features in the towns which have sprawled along this dingy road, and there are bad. And because the planning and co-ordination were in the first years sadly to seek, the bad predominate. The traffic on the road has probably trebled since it was opened, though it has not greatly helped Kingston. Certainly the traffic has doubled since 1931 and the cycle traffic has trebled or quadrupled. £400,000 this antiquated and "narrow" lane cost.

LAWN TENNIS—MAN'S SUPERIORITY.—I remember arguing the question of what sort of game Mlle Lenglen would give in her prime to the man champion of the hour on level terms. We were curiously at sea, because both sides assumed that she could make some sort of game of it. As a matter of fact, neither now nor ever could a woman champion give any sort of game to a man champion on level terms. In the days of heavy skirts reason would that she would be handicapped out of all chance of it. But even to-day when she can dress like a man she can make nothing of it. Ernest Renshaw donned a woman's skirt and beat a woman champion easily enough in his day. R. L. Doherty gave and owed thirty to Mrs. Lambert Chambers and beat her more than once. Tilden played one set with Mlle Lenglen and beat her 6–0 after "making her a present" in his easy, reckless way of the first three points in each game. And recently in an exhibition game at Newcastle, Austin, owing 30, beat Miss Round, receiving 15, in one set after losing a set to her, both sets going first to 5 all. This seems to prove that men are still far superior to women (both being in the top of their class), though women are "creeping up." True, Austin does not possess a cannon-ball service, though in other strokes he possesses the Tilden armament. Thus lawn tennis is definitely a game of strength plus skill—unlike croquet. A woman champion of lawn tennis plays on level terms with a "second class" man. At golf, Miss Wethered would rank higher—among the victims of the earlier rounds of the Open.

BIGNOR.—I went the other day after years of putting off to see the famous Roman villa at Bignor, near Chichester. Ever since I read *Puck o' Pook's Hill* I had meant to see it. Bignor lies—and may it long lie—at the back of beyond under an incomparable section of the Downs, dimpled with woods and old workings in the face of the Downs. The villa, which, even when it was built about A.D. 250, was isolated and remote from any larger settlement, was possibly the country house of the commandant of Roman Chichester. It covered a big acreage and was discovered about 120 years ago. There remain of it the pavements of several rooms, and they are in superb condition, revealing lively heads (of Medusa and Winter), a frieze of Cupid, gladiators, many specimens of classic foliage, and a very complete central heating system, showing sections of the hot-air pipes in walls and floor. The lower parts of a small bath also remain. In some places the original walls still stand 3 or 4 ft. high. It is worth seeing. The view alone, which the exiled Romans saw, much as we see it, 1700 years ago, is worth the journey through that enchanted country. But how different it is from the picture I had formed of it before I saw it. THE OLD STAGER

HOME EVENTS

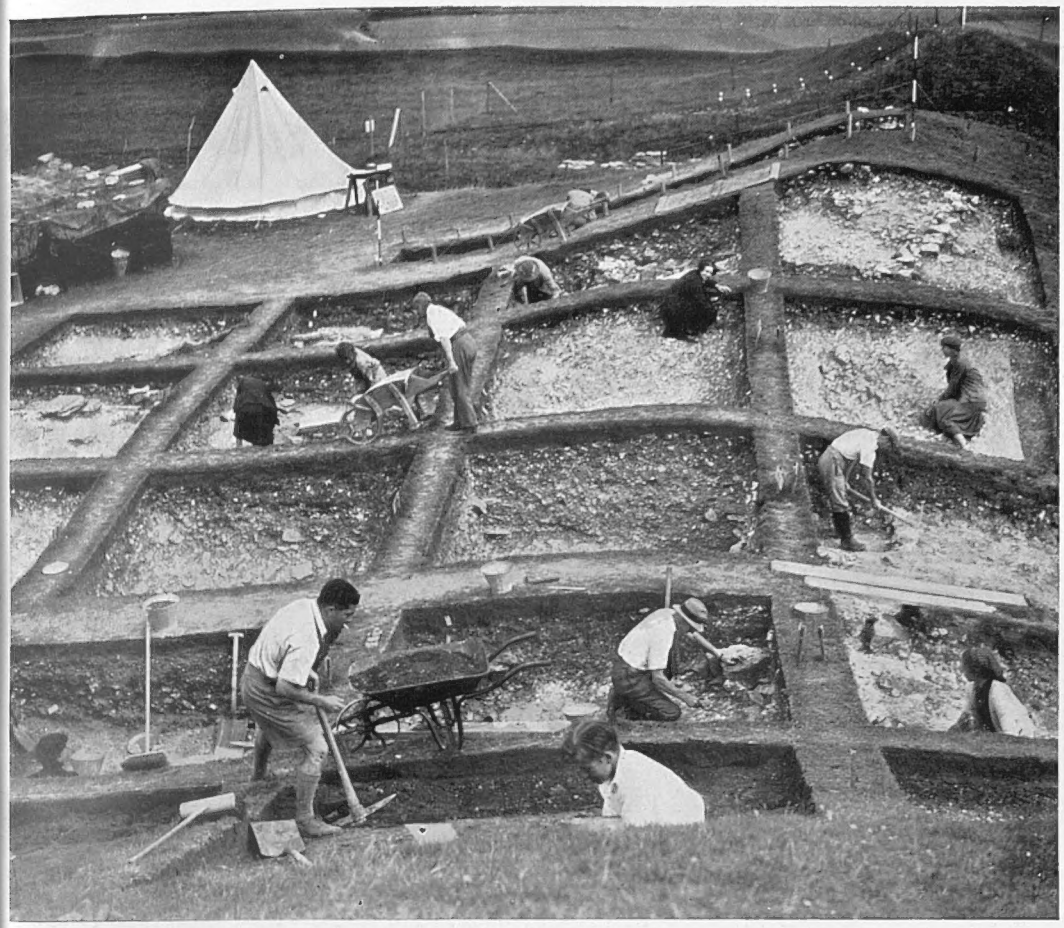
A NEW GERMAN AIR LINER IN LONDON: With a view to assisting their agents in England in answering prospective passengers' questions about their machines, the Lufthansa Company sent this giant monoplane over to Croydon this week. The representatives of the company made an inspection of its amenities and also took brief flights

A DRAMATIC FIND: A few of the fifty students, from many British and foreign universities, who have been excavating the prehistoric earthwork of Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, Dorset, and who have come upon traces of a massive timber structure which is believed to date from the Stone Age, some 4,000 years ago

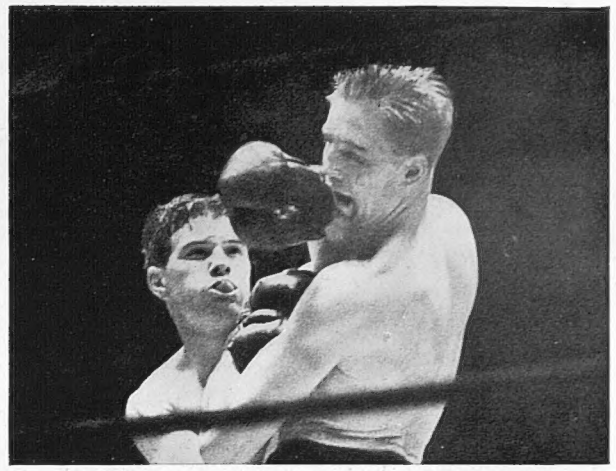
THE "GENERAL FELD MARSCHALL VON HINDENBURG" IN FLIGHT: An action picture of the new German air liner during its visit to Croydon. It is fitted with four Diesel heavy-oil engines, each of which develops 750 h.p., and is able to travel at high speeds with great economy in fuel cost and comparative immunity from the risk of fire

WHERE TRADITION LINGERS: Miss Molly McGregor, Queen of the Ferry Fair, presenting a posy to the "Burry Man," a resident of the Royal Burgh of South Queensferry, Linlithgowshire, who, in accordance with an old, annual, local custom, is adorned from head to foot with adhesive burrs. Thus clad, he parades through the town, making calls at various houses, where he receives gifts

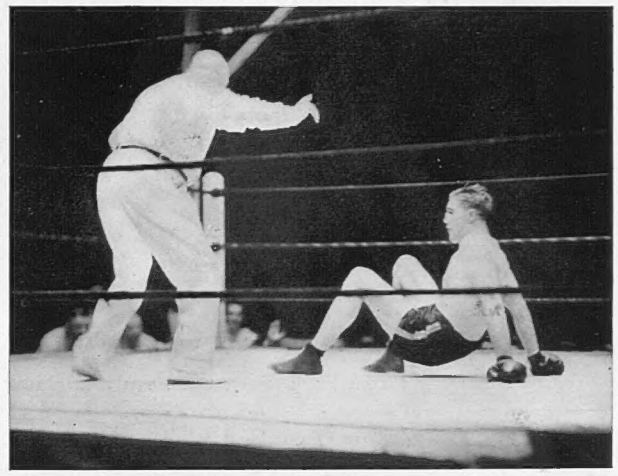
FUGITIVES FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Milking a goat *(above)* and a gathering round the hearth *(right)* in the little-known colony which has been established some twelve miles from Stamford, Lincolnshire, by twenty men and women who have voluntarily sacrificed their positions in the world to live the life of medieval peasants, supporting themselves by breeding and maintaining their own pigs, cows, and goats, growing their own vegetables, and making their own clothes with the wool from their sheep. These willing exiles, among whom are ex-public-school men, declare that modern civilisation is out of touch with reality and that the industrial age is breaking up family life. None of them has any desire for artificial amusements and even the wireless plays no part in their existence



THE DIGGINGS AT MAIDEN CASTLE which are arousing such intense interest in view of the discovery of the remains of a timber building which, on further investigation, may prove to have been used for heathen worship centuries before the birth of Christ. The student excavators are working under the direction of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, the Keeper of the London Museum, who has wide experience of archæological research and has achieved recognition by his discoveries at Caerleon-on-Usk, Monmouthshire (where he and the late Mrs. Wheeler excavated the Roman amphitheatre) and at other centres of Roman Britain



THE WELSHMAN MEETS HIS MATCH: Jack Petersen (*right*) forced to the ropes by a relentless attack during his fight at Leicester with Ben Foord, of South Africa, who accounted for him in three rounds and took away his British and Empire heavyweight titles. It was a sensational result, reflecting immense credit on the successful challenger



DOWN FOR SEVEN: Referee Moss Deyong counting after Petersen had been floored by a savage right-handed punch from Foord in the third and last round of their contest. The champion was saved a knock-out by the bout being stopped

A CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG ENTRY: Followers of the North and South Shropshire Hunts with their horses and ponies at Sundorne Castle, near Shrewsbury, home of Mrs. Hugh Corbet, where they assemble each year for a week in camp. The younger riders have an opportunity of receiving tuition

ANNOUNCING THE WINNER: Foord's arm raised in token of victory after giving the finest exhibition of his career. It is possible that he will now be matched with Neusel of Germany

BRITAIN'S "FRONTE POPULAIRE" IN ACTION: *Above and on right*—Two pictures taken in Trafalgar Square last Sunday when there was a demonstration against the Unemployment Assistance Board's regulations, organised by the National Council of Labour, the London Labour Party, and the London Royal Arsenal Cooperative Society. The Communist Party attached uninvited contingents which marched into the Square with banners flying and fists raised in the Communist salute now so familiar on the Continent, particularly in France and civil-war ridden Spain. The meeting, which passed off quietly, was addressed by Mr. George Lansbury, M.P. and Mr. F. Montague, M.P., and at the finish a resolution was carried which called upon the Government to institute "a proper system of maintenance for unemployed workers"

THE GROUSE REIGNS ONCE MORE: August 12 in Yorkshire and the Highlands

TREKKING TO THE HEIGHTS OF RIEMORE: Sir Archibald Moir Park Lyle's shooting party moving off after luncheon on the first day of the season near Dunkeld, Perthshire, where, with broods averaging from six to eight, there was a plentiful supply of birds to ensure good sport

GHILLIES LEADING PONIES OVER A BRIDGE ON GIRN MOOR, near Amulree, Perthshire, where Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, of New York, is entertaining on a large scale. He is one of many Americans who have come over this year, now that the depression is nearly over, and in consequence few shooting lodges in the Highlands remain unlet

AT THE MOORLAND GATE: Miss Jane Miller of Troon, mounted on her pony, Blondie, and followed by ghillies with two pannier ponies. A picture taken at Turrerich Hill, near Amulree, where Mr. T. M. Burrell has a shoot for the season

SPORT IN YORKSHIRE: *Left*—Lord Swinton, who was entertaining at his home, Swinton Park, Masham, enjoyed a good first day's sport. *Centre*—The Earl of Harewood and Mrs. W. G. Charlesworth walking on Blubberhouses Moor. *Right*—Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, the ten-year-old daughter of the Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Rachel Stuart, and the Marchioness of Hartington, on their way to join the Duke of Devonshire's party for luncheon on the moors above Bolton Abbey

ADVANCING THROUGH THE HEATHER: Members of Sir August Cayzer's party moving forward across the moors at Aberfoyle, a part of Western Perthshire famous for its grouse shooting. "The Twelfth" opened in Scotland in rather unpromising weather, heavy rain with a hanging mist on the hills preventing an early start from being made in some districts. By mid-day, however, the clouds had cleared away from the lower slopes and conditions for the guns were ideal

ON LORD ROSEBERY'S MIDLOTHIAN ESTATE: Grouse being transferred from a pannier pony to a motor van before being sent to market. Prices per brace on the Twelfth ranged from 17s. down to 5s., according to the time of day they arrived

MR. CHARLES BANBURY (who was then unaware of his grandfather's death) in the butts at Sir William Nicholson's shoot. He now succeeds to the title of Lord Banbury. *Below*—Mrs. Joseph Davies, a guest of Mr. H. C. Pratt, the American magnate

SURVEYING THE MORNING'S BAG: Viscount Swinton (fifth from right), the Air Minister, and some of his guests pictured with the grouse they brought down on Pot Moor, Yorkshire. The group also includes the Hon. John and Mrs. Cunliffe Lister and Viscount and Viscountess Monsell

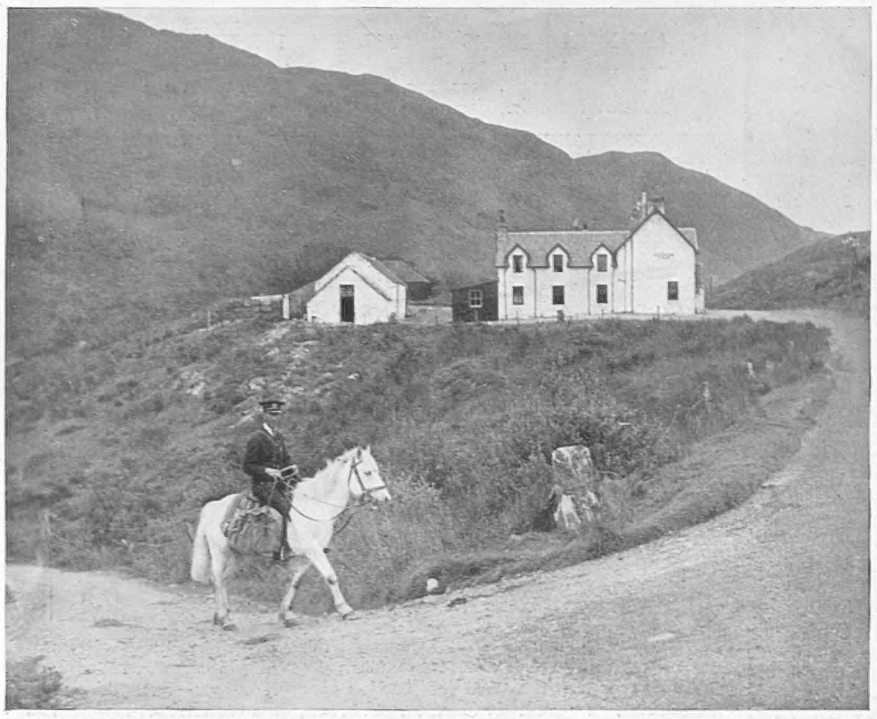
ON THE LAMMERMUIRS: Lord Digby, a well-known Dorsetshire personality, joined Sir William Burrell's shoot at Mayshiel, which lies near the borders of Haddingtonshire and Berwickshire

EVERY year with the coming of "The Twelfth" the Press has its usual tale to tell of packed Highland-bound trains and of other features of the great exodus from Mayfair to the moors of Scotland. This year was no exception, and on the night of the tenth over 7,000 people journeyed northwards across the border, nearly 4,000 sleeping car berths being booked at King's Cross and Euston. The *Royal Highland Express*, run in seven sections, alone accounted for 3,000 passengers, while during the day the *Flying Scotsman*, the *Royal Scot* and the *Queen of Scots* pullman were all full.

The vast majority of the important grouse moors have been let at satisfactory prices, an indication of improving times and of the arrival of many more American visitors than has been the case during the depression years on the other side of the Atlantic.

Reports from the various districts reveal that birds are generally healthy and strong on the wing and their numbers fairly plentiful, especially the later broods. West Stirlingshire appears to be the only part of Scotland where conditions are not up to expectations, late frost having proved detrimental to the rearing of the young birds.

DOING THE HONOURS: Mr. Robert Worth Bingham, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, pictured with the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Miss Clementine Mitford, and Lady Forres when he arrived to open the Airlie Flower Show



PONY POST IN THE HIGHLANDS: This mounted postman delivers the mail in the mountainous Glenuig district of Inverness-shire, covering 20 miles on his daily round

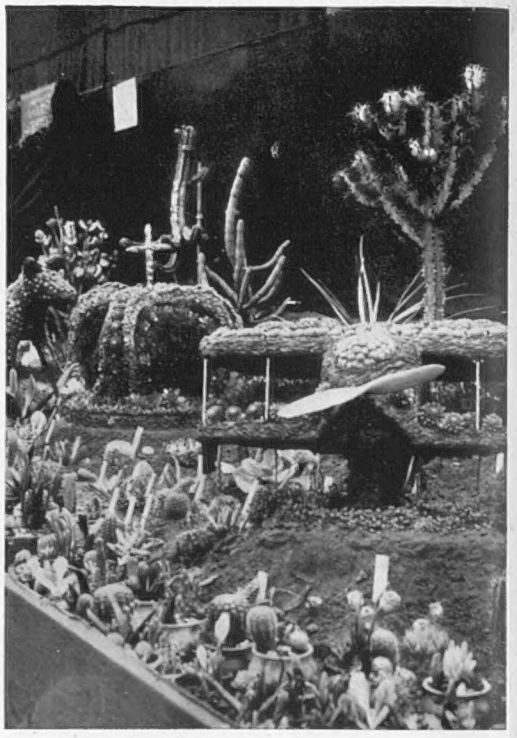
THE BEST EVENT OF THE DAY: Youngsters having tea on the lawn of Colonel Lockett's home, Down Farm, Weston Birt, Gloucestershire, where a children's gymkhana was held a few days ago. The group includes Miss Jennifer Langton, Miss Pat Russell Wood, and Master John Lawrence, son of Sir Geoffrey Lawrence and grandson of the late Lord Trevethin who died recently when fishing in the Wye

When the Horticulturist Has His Fling

Shrewsbury and Its Flower Show

THE profusion of summer flowers, often ending in south European countries in a carnival of garlands and rose petals, is an extravagance which the English gardener cannot indulge. Yet the good horticulturist has his fling. He enters for the annual flower show hoping that skill in potting and planting will win him a prize for the largest chrysanthemum in the district, or that a certificate of recognition will be given for his cunningly grown sprig of red currants. But if that show happens to be the one organised by the Shropshire Horticultural Society and held at Shrewsbury for the fifty-sixth time on August 19 and 20 the exhibitor's currants must be almost as big as cherries, his chrysanthemums among the finest "cut blooms" in England.

The Shrewsbury Flower Show has established itself as the first of its kind in the country. As its visitors know—and there are 150,000 every year—the object of the Society is to raise the standard of agricultural, garden, and hothouse produce. It does not rely for its attraction on the freak evolution of monster carrots or black tulips—that peculiar aspect of every flower show was recognised so long ago as 1897, when £1,000 was set aside from profits for the erection of a statue to Charles Darwin, himself born in Shrewsbury. In addition to this sum donations amounting to £25,000 have been made from a total of £350,000 taken over a period of fifty-five years. From the start this show has been successful, partly because it is held in a beautiful natural amphitheatre which is bounded on three sides by the Severn, partly because Shrewsbury is the ancient centre of an intensely agricultural area.



RARE SPECIES IN NOVEL PATTERNS: An interesting group of cacti exhibited at the Shrewsbury Horticultural Show, some of which are so arranged as to represent an aeroplane and a crown

And since life on the land is a hard plodding routine, it is a welcome change to the countryman to see a good display of fireworks, to have the 120 musicians of H.M. Royal Air Force, Irish Guards, and Welsh Guards playing for him, to know that, whatever his private opinion of the awards, there could hardly be a great deal wrong with the decisions of judges such as Messrs. T. H. and C. H. Cook, head gardeners at Sandringham and Windsor Castle. Nor does he find it an ordinary occurrence to be entertained by jugglers, acrobats, trick cyclists, and all the vast assembly of circus folk who come tumbling into Shrewsbury. And if he is a cottager, with a cow and a single acre of land, he may dissolve in wonder at the dimensions of the great marquee, which extends over an acre in area.

Shrewsbury, in Roman times a riverside outpost five miles from the fortified town of Wroxeter or Uriconium, once paid its respects to Sabrina, goddess of the Severn. To-day honours have passed to Miss D. K. Howard, secretary and organiser of the show. She has the job of doing the flowers on a scale undreamt of by any housewife. She has in her mind's eye the relative positions of dahlias to delphiniums, of carnations to the very popular exhibits of cacti.

On her entries list Miss Howard has many rare specimens like the Rhododendron-Wardii, found by Mr. Kingdon-Ward in a remote district of China in 1913; also the interesting tropical groups of which the best were for many years shown by Sir George Kenrick of Birmingham. And among her entrants are the names of two very old locals, the one an exhibitor at the first Shrewsbury Flower Show in 1875, the other, Mr. Henry Clifft who has been showing since 1882.

I asked Miss Howard about the honey section, for a special tent close by the banks of the Severn has been allotted to "nature's confectioner, the bee." It had not been a good year for honey, she said. And this confirmed the view of an old Shropshire bee-keeper whose cottage, I recently found, was a store-house of honey. A muggy May and three hot months following had provided him in 1935 with 4 cwts. of honey. But this year the bees' ardour had been damped. He could not expect even half the previous season's yield, he said. Though in quality the produce of his hives was more delicately flavoured and, I thought, superior to the famous honey of Hymettus.

Bee-keepers are considerably helped by the flower show funds by grants made to their association. But other demands, for instance the purchase of Shrewsbury Castle for £3,500, absorb most of the profits, while prizes annually account for £1,600. Out of this sum the best exhibits in almost every imaginable class of fruit, flower, and vegetable are rewarded, but not I was told, window boxes.

Michael Langley

BRITAIN at the OLYMPIC GAMES

Our Runners and Swimmers who Competed in Berlin

FOLLOWING THE OLYMPIC STARS IN THEIR COURSES

The telephoto camera used for taking the official pictures of the track events

A MIDGET AND GIANT OF THE GAMES

Fred Hodges, the Highgate diver, and his friend R. Walker

TELLING ENGLAND: Rampling addressing a few words through the microphone after Britain's triumph in the 1,600 metres relay final in which our four runners held off a strong American challenge to win in fast time

WATER POLO AT THE SWIMMING STADIUM: The British competitors arriving to play Malta in one of the early rounds when they gained a decisive 8–2 victory. They eventually reached the semi-final, but proved no match for Belgium, scoring only once to the six times of their opponents who were obviously more experienced and combined together well, both in attack and defence

A FRENCH MEMORIAL TO KING ALBERT: The statue after it had been unveiled at Saint-Quentin by M. Daladier, Minister of National Defence. Paris is to have a more elaborate memorial to the late monarch consisting of a striking equestrian figure cast in bronze by M. Armand Martial

AMONG THE FORTY IMMORTALS: M. Louis Gillet, the eminent French historian, reading his inaugural address on election to the Académie Française

PARIS SOCIALISTS AID THEIR BRETHREN ACROSS THE PYRENEES: Chalking a message of goodwill on one of the two lorries laden with food supplies which were recently despatched to Spain for supporters of the Popular Front; a gift from members of a French working class organisation

LEADERS OF THE "LEFT": A recent study of M. Daladier, Minister of Defence, and his chief M. Blum, the Premier, leaving after a Cabinet meeting

Secret Government Money

Special Funds which are Devoted in Some Countries to Such Objects as the Silencing of Criticism and the Buying of Press Support to Bolster Up a Cause

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE tabling of a Bill by M. Blum "abolishing the secret funds" serves as a reminder that in most European countries there exist two categories of such official money; that France proposes to interfere with one only; and that even when she does her general hush-hush expenditure should not cease to mount, as is occurring right and left.

In this country we have but one common fund, figuring as the Secret Service Vote, and it is rocketing. Mum is the ministerial word at all times concerning it, but Sir Warren Fisher checks up without knowing or desiring to know "what for"—while the official auditor confines himself to a stereotyped, annual, and laconic: "I certify that the amount shown in this account to have been expended is supported by certificates from the responsible Ministers of the Crown."

These are hereabouts Mr. Eden, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Duff Cooper, Lord Swinton, and no doubt Mr. Ormsby Gore. Consequent on a supplementary vote of £100,000 last month, which in turn followed a £70,000 increase in March, the departments of these Ministers are sharing £350,000 in the current financial year, or nearly double the sum available in 1935–36. Yet the present figure has to climb a further £50,000 before equalling the peak of 1921. (It probably soon will.)

Not that the £400,000 of fifteen years ago was really so remarkable if one recollect the condition of the Continent at that time and the urgency of keeping up with underground affairs right and left. No doubt some loose strings remained to be drawn in from the free and often uncontrollable war-time expending, but Mr. Wedgwood Benn was surely piling it on in asserting that the then fund was being copiously diverted towards pestering political opponents, spying on, and even provoking them. To that, junior Mr. Baldwin retorted "preposterous."

For the refreshing thing to bear in mind about our secret governmental money is that it does all go *definitely* on the legitimate protection of the State, not, as so freely in other latitudes, in such luxuries as buying opinion and silencing opponents, in setting up that whole unacceptably false façade associated with dictatorships—and up to a point with some democracies, too.

Mr. Henderson was keen on closing down all S.S. expenditures under League edict. That was back in 1932 or 33, and he had the writer along to the Beau Rivage one afternoon, presumably on account of an article expressing regret that the thing could never be done: man could never be brought to trust man to that fantastic extent, secret service being so linked with the first of Nature's laws.

If Uncle Arthur were alive to survey how Whitehall's spending has soared since that talk, he'd be a sadder man even than he usually was, towards the end, yet he'd probably agree that there was nothing to be done about it. Whether Sir John Simon pushes a chit across the road to the Special Branch, or Mr. Ormsby Gore initials a tenner towards some dark piece of work in Africa, dark, yet calculated to maintain his Majesty's prestige, it is all one.

At this phase of grave and growing risk, when everybody is trying to find out about everyone else, the accrued necessity of hiding one's own secrets alone demands a much increased staff, and augmented expenditure by this.

To say nothing of fitting out very special missions for foreign parts. And this and that. . . .

As far as we ourselves are concerned, an item of £10,000 is about all that could be looked askance at even by the most suspicious crank. This is earmarked "Government hospitality" and goes mainly on those dinners at Claridge's and the Carlton of which we intermittently see a list of guests. But supposing a bob or two were to trickle into Fleet Street, or came to be directed, say, to buying the permanent silence of an awkward critic? Such things happen; elsewhere.

A dozen years ago I was writing the life story of a girl killer (she who tried for Daudet and got his lieutenant, Plâteau). The young lady's acquittal did not stop her being a nuisance politically; at any rate, from a state of pauperism she was suddenly able to retire to her native Touraine where she may still be relaxing for aught I know, thanks to a typical get-out-of-the-way grant.

(My one other brush with this end of things was when, in the autumn of 1915, I held down the contre-espionage job in the 6th Division area at Ypres while its regular incumbent was on leave. The sum of 5 francs, marked "Secret Service Fund," was handed over to me, and it was all handed back again a week later—so honest were we when young—although I had had to go out twice on my motor-bicycle in search of a suspect described by Army as: "Aged about twenty-five; pop eyes; answers to the name of Gaby; chocolate birthmark in small of back.")

Now let us turn to Monsieur Tardieu. He ought to know all about secret funds. In fact he does. He's been writing about them and says they were known as *fonds sucrés*.

"Evaporation of Millions" one reads in the headline, and Monsieur Tardieu proceeds to tell this story, bitterly, against the Left.

"It was in 1931. I was lunching tête-à-tête with M. Briand at the Quai d'Orsay. After the Norman boudin had been served my host remarked, 'Sooner or later you'll be here. I have something to tell you which I ask you to ponder. I am working for peace, but I don't rely on it, and if there is war one must be ready for it. That's why for the past six years (as Foreign Minister) I've been economising month by month on the secret funds, so that to-day I have a little treasure of £270,000. I beg you not to squander this when my fauteuil becomes yours. Guard it. It will be needed.'

"Less than a year later I had, in effect, succeeded, and in due course enquired about the treasure.

"M. Briand had made a mistake. He had transmitted £40,000 more than he thought.

"When, twelve weeks later, I in turn handed over to Monsieur Herriot, the treasure had been increased by a further £13,000—and this despite my having had to wage the hard electoral battle of 1932.

"Twenty months elapsed, and on the formation of the Doumergue National Cabinet in 1934 I had the legitimate curiosity to enquire of M. Barthou as to the state of the Briand treasure.

"'£104,000,' he replied.

"Which means that in under two years the clients of the six Ministries of the quasi-Popular Front had absorbed, alone on the Quai d'Orsay budget, first of all the monthly credits, or £270,000, and then two-thirds of the war reserve, a further £218,000. Grand total, £488,000."

While most French people will smile heavily at Monsieur Tardieu posing as the non-squanderer, one need not doubt his story. The period covered the Stavisky scandal, when the involved Left fairly had to throw money about in self-protection.

But why is Tardieu so incensed at Blum's recent act? Ostensibly because Blum has only so far really axed a sum of £30,000 while (so T. declares) popularly posing as having axed the whole. In reality, the Tardieu ire may not be wholly foreign to the circumstance that what *has* been cut concerns almost entirely Monsieur Delbos' account at the Foreign Office, and, at that, the various subsidies that used to be paid to the Grande Presse in return for its support of the Government of the day. The new order will affect newspapers of both Right and Left, but considerably more so, the former. Ne'er again shall purchased pæans of such as Tardieu be heard in the French land.

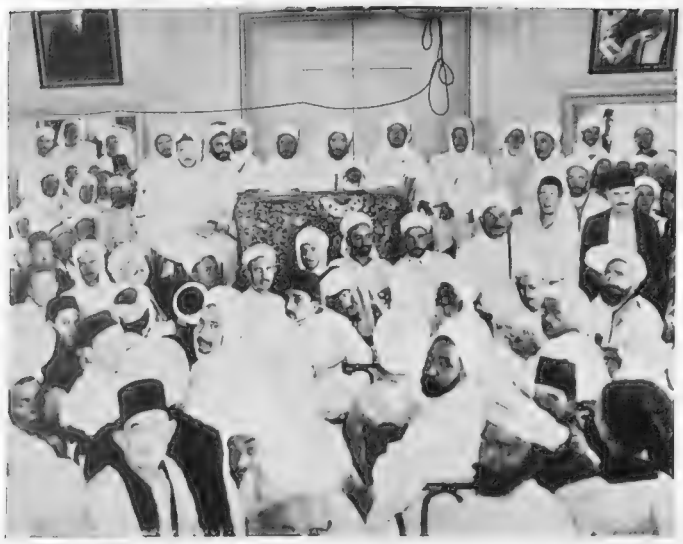
Looking elsewhere abroad one wonders what astronomical sum a Goebbels or a Mussolini has to earmark, opposite our own tiny £350,000, which nevertheless sends those very people among us, who are being most protected from Fascism and Nazism, into such outbursts of indignation.

Even before the war, Italy was pretty hot, admitting £120,000 a year, much in that day. The remaining European Powers reported: Britain, £50,000; France, £40,000; Austria, £62,500; Germany, £75,725; Russia, £1,000,000. But were these figures anything like the truth? And what is the use of any proffered figures now? Why publish them, when up against such monstrous secret spending as goes on to our certain knowledge in this and that country?

What eloquent reading would be made by a true transcript of the budgets of the Ogpu and Comintern, of the Gestapo and the Fascist "Special Tribunals'" accounts having nought to do with parallel expenditure on military work set afoot by the three countries in question!

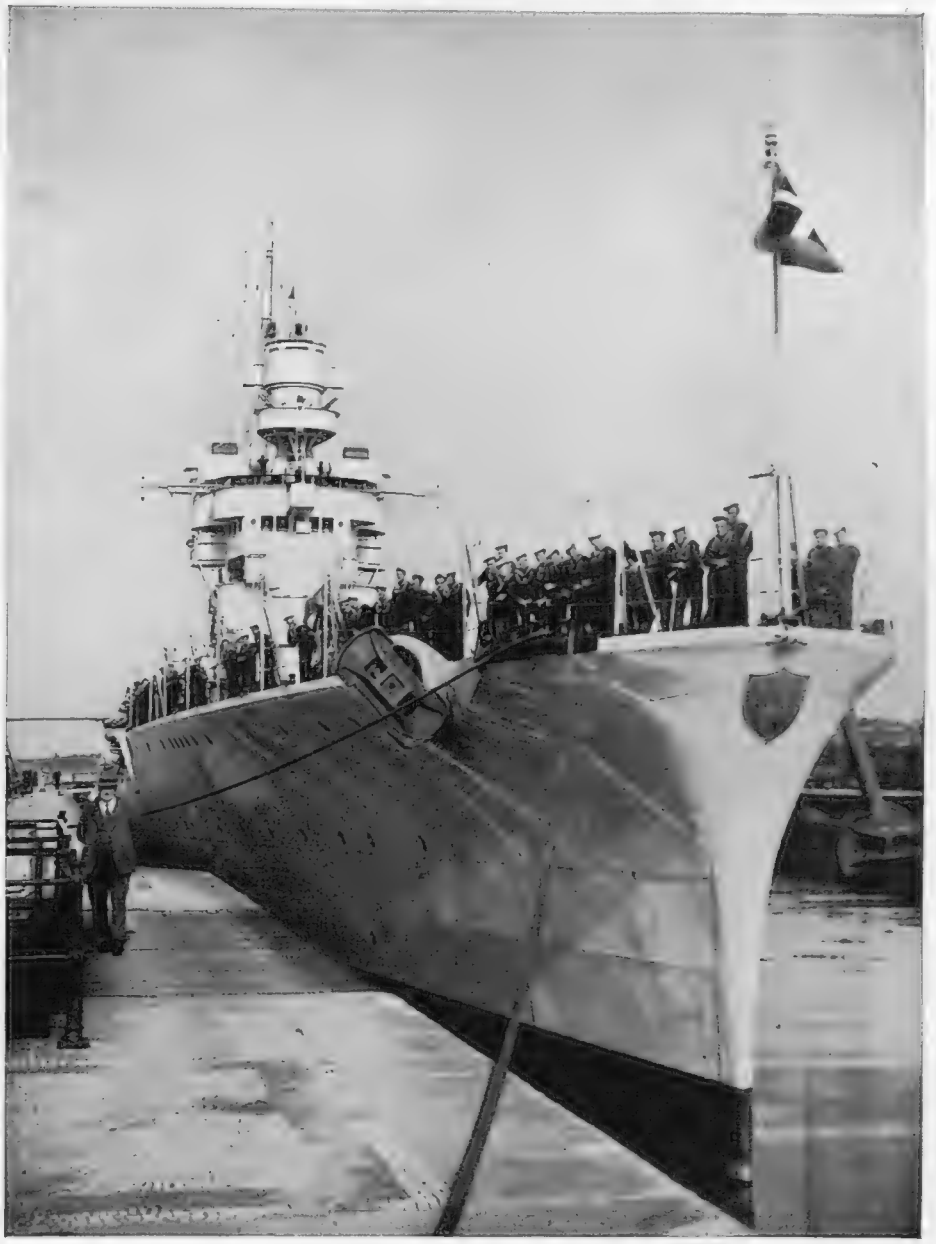
Secret governmental moneys are flying round Europe as never before, principally by reason of the necessity for seducing the human mind in this mass and herding age. If dictators could not act without let or hindrance as certain French Ministers have until now been allowed to do (though on a vastly greater scale), if they had not the whole range of the State coffers at their perfectly private disposal and whim, where would they be? The Duce is believed, in sound newspaper circles in Paris, to have poured nearly half a million sterling on the *Presse d'Information* of that city in the purchase of its betrayal of the League, from September to May last. I wonder what the Duce thinks of that Press now!

A Sphere Survey



UNREST IN NORTH AFRICA: Muslim political and religious chiefs at a recent congress in Algiers where Arab feeling has been running high, being directed particularly against the Jews and the French. It is thought that the murder of the Grand Imam, head of the Muslim church there, may not be closely linked with these wider issues

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC: Mr. Marion Zioncheck, member of Congress from Washington State, whose fantastic exploits were the talk of America and who met his end in Seattle recently when he jumped five storeys from the window of his office. He was born in Poland thirty-four years ago and when first elected to office proved a hard-working representative. A change came over him last January, however, when he frequently came into contact with the police



A BRITISH CRUISER IN GERMAN WATERS: H.M.S. *Neptune* at Kiel where she arrived at the beginning of the month and where a number of foreign men-of-war have been paying visits in connection with the sailing competitions of the Olympic Games and with Kiel "Navy Week" following them. The British vessel brought with her the ship's bell of the battle-cruiser *Hindenburg* (scuttled at Scapa Flow in 1919), which is now being returned to the German Navy, the Admiralty having decided that this is in a sense a reciprocation of the handing over of the drums of the Gordon Highlanders to General Sir Ian Hamilton two years ago

PRINCELY INDIA: *Above*—Lady Linlithgow, wife of the Viceroy, holding on her lap the grandson of the Maharaja and Maharani of Kapurthala at a reception given by the Maharani at her home in Simla. *Right*—A new portrait of Major Zubd-Tul-Mulk Dewan Mahakhan Talay Muhomed Khan Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., Nawab Saheb of Palanpur. His Highness, who rules over a State of 1,768 square miles in Bombay Presidency, is a keen motorist and tennis player

DESERT SIGNPOSTS

DOMAIN OF THE CAMEL INVADED: Lorries and cars now travel the desert trails of Africa and Asia, traversing in hours distances that formerly took days. But the way is easily lost if the wind blows, and the driver of the modern caravan soon finds himself in difficulties where there are no signposts

SHOWING THE WAY IN TRANSJORDAN: A post indicating the routes to Amman, the Dead Sea, Kerak, and Maan; one of the many signs erected of recent years in this part of the world, and inscribed in Englis

845 KILOMETRES FROM BAGDAD

A milestone in the Syrian desert, which to-day is crossed by fleets of motor-buses and private cars and is now a recognised travel route offering no very great hardships even to the inexperienced tourist

HERE PERSIA AND IRAQ COME FACE TO FACE: A wild region of the Near East whe

Few parts of the earth remain uninvaded by the motor car which to-day bestrides the deserts of four continents, making light of journeys that in other times were avoided by all but the most intrepid and for the most part were left to the Mungo Parks and Marco Polos. With the coming of the car to these desolate places, the signpost has become more than ever a necessity and

and DESERT WAYS

MESSAGE OF HOPE: This Syrian desert signpost, on the Damascus-Bagdad route, tells the traveller that it is only another 190 kilometres to Ramadi on the Euphrates

A MODERN CARAVAN IN NORTH PERSIA where undergrowth often surrounds the tracks, rendering progress intensely slow

CAUSE FOR CAUTION: A lorry about to ford a stream rather than risk crossing a flimsy bridge. *On left*—Bucketing over broken terrain

signs in Latin characters now help the European motorist

is now, as the pictures on these pages show, a comparatively familiar feature of the ancient caravan routes of the Near East where, though the traffic is small by Western standards, it is fully sufficient to justify the measures that have been taken.

A milestone pointing the way to Maan (Transjordan) and Akaba (the Hejaz frontier post) on the one hand, and to Themed, Nekhl (Peninsula of Sinai) and Suez on the other. The latter route follows the old pilgrims' way for centuries used by those journeying to and from Mecca

TURN RIGHT FOR EGYPT

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: Boys from the Oratory School, South Kensington, arriving to join the boat train which took them to Southampton where they boarded a troopship for a fortnight's cruise with other schoolchildren drawn from all parts of the country. Masters and parents accompanied the youthful passengers, the vast majority of whom had never before been abroad

OFF TO THE NEW WORLD: This party of nearly fifty girls, thirty-six of whom were from Downe House School, Newbury, and Malvern Ladies' College, left London a few days ago for America, where they are to make a sight-seeing tour which will start in New York and take them as far as Quebec

AWHEEL IN ENGLAND: These Dutch youths, their machines heavily loaded with camping kit, recently set out from London on a fortnight's cycling tour

ENTENTE CORDIALE: Girls from France, Jamaica, Russia, and Denmark are in this group taken at Pantglousme where students of many nations are in camp

TRAVEL MINDED YOUTH of TO-DAY

COTTON follows WHEAT

As a Source of Trouble in the Southern States, Where the Tenant Farmers are Now in Desperate Plight

By NELSON SPRINGER

THE crisis in land tenure in the Southern States was to have been relieved by the Bankhead Act, but that measure was allowed to die without any action by the last Congress which adjourned on the eve of the Democratic convention in Philadelphia, where Roosevelt was re-nominated.

The Act was thus defeated by the inactivity of the representatives of that section of the country which it was particularly designed to benefit. The primary reason for their inactivity was simple. Since the Act was designed to benefit tenant farmers as a whole, it would benefit *negro* farmers. The white gentlemen from the South had no intention of supporting anything that would benefit negroes.

Meanwhile, the tenant farmer situation in the South has arrived at a condition which has led to the most widely publicised mob violence and cruelty. From Arkansas the report has come that one negro has been flogged to death. Governor Junius Marion Futrell of that State has solemnly assured the press that the negro, Frank Weems, of Earle, Ark., is still alive: but he has failed to produce the negro.

Miss Willie Sue Blagden, Memphis, Tenn., social leader, and a woman who believes that negroes are entitled to humane treatment, went to Earle to investigate the alleged flogging death. With her went the Rev. Claude C. Williams, who believes that the Lord has still other sheep in his pastures.

Ever since the Civil War, and long before, the South has boasted that its attitude toward women is perfectly chivalrous. This writer has heard more than one Southerner boast that "no one north of the Mason and Dixon line knows how to treat a woman." But Miss Blagden, as well as Williams, was flogged for her interest in the Weems case and told never to return to that part of Arkansas. To prove her statement Miss Blagden lifted her skirt to the press, exhibited a brand about an inch square on her left thigh, allowed herself to be photographed.

Subsequent to the floggings President Roosevelt visited Arkansas and made a speech in Little Rock, in which he praised both Senator Joseph T. Robinson and the State that he represents. He did not allude to the floggings and he has been challenged on this point by Norman Thomas, Socialist leader.

At the time that the United States acquired the Virgin Islands, with a predominant negro population, they were placed in charge of the U.S. Navy. Franklin Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the Navy, sent a battleship to govern the Islands. The commander of the battleship was a Southerner.

The crisis in southern land tenure is so severe that it has led to the unheard-of phenomenon of a union of white and negro farmers for common protection. Throughout this organisation to advance daily wages from 75 cents to 1 dollar a day and to secure certain other benefits have led to the floggings.

Conditions which have driven the tenant farmer and the "share-cropper" to desperation may be itemised as follows:

(1) Cotton, from earliest times the staple crop of the South, is "down and out." The general effect of the Bankhead Cotton Control Act and of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (A.A.A.) has been not only to destroy the foreign market for this crop but to impair the domestic market. Unless there is another war, American cotton can scarcely be expected to "come back."

(2) Although cotton was the chief "money crop" of the South, it was a liability as well as an asset. As the immortal Will Rogers once observed in substance, "some day the Southerners will learn to plant something they can eat; as for cotton, they can't sell it, and they can't eat it." The emphasis on cotton compelled southern farmers to buy other products which they could have grown more economically themselves if they had had the acreage free from cotton.

(3) A great deal of agricultural land in the South has been ruined or injured in recent years. For example, 63·7 per cent. of the agricultural land in Mississippi has been injured by sheet erosion. About one-half of all the agricultural land in Tennessee is now worthless. About one-half of all the agricultural land in Georgia is washed out, and more of its territory is in danger. A total of 61 per cent. of the eroded soil of the United States lies in what is commonly known as "the South."

(4) In addition, since the beginning of the century, the South has lost 3,500,000 in population. Between 1920 and 1930 it lost 380,000 negroes, and the negroes are the South's most important agricultural workers.

(5) One of the South's most important money crops is tobacco, yet the average cash income of a tenant tobacco farmer in Alabama in recent years has been 150 dollars. In districts where the population has been mixed black and white, the average white tenant farmer's income has been 144 dollars, and the average negro tenant farmer's income has been 148 dollars in cash.

(6) One Alabama tenant farmer was worried because in six months he had not been able to raise enough money to pay a grocery bill of nine cents (less than 4d.).

(7) It is reported that most tenant farmers in Alabama are no longer tenant farmers because they have been sold out for debt.

(8) The common diet of a large percentage of tenant farmers in Alabama is said to be unleavened corn-bread and syrup.

(9) At least one case has been reported in which a negro tenant farmer hitched himself to his plough, lacking a horse or mule or steer, and allowed his son to drive him.

Among the causes leading to these conditions is the financial domination of the South by the North and East. The Southerners hold the oil and sulphur interests to be the chief offenders. The popularity of such a bizarre figure as Huey Long is said to be due to his warfare on these interests.

Hand in hand with this financial domination has gone absentee landlordism, not unfamiliar in Europe, and always leading to disaster wherever it has appeared.

The menace to the South though is more from the oppressed than from the oppressors. The average tenant farmer or share-cropper is generally an illiterate and hopelessly defenceless individual. He is generally incompetent. He is often thieving in a small way. He is the kind of man who can be cheated and flogged without having the slightest idea of what his rights are or how to go about securing the benefit of due process of law.

With the United States having just passed through another great drought, afflicting the country from Indiana to Montana, with the country still suffering from the combined effects of the drought of 1934 and the crop and cattle reductions under the A.A.A., and with the prospect of general industrial warfare as the result of the new 5000,0000 dollar drive to organise the workers in the steel industry, what happens in the agricultural regions of the South in the next six months is of the greatest import to agriculture and industry generally. It may easily have a considerable effect on the outcome of the presidential election in November.

POLAND'S INTEREST in GLIDING

Records Broken at the Recent Contests at Ustjanowa

TASTING THE THRILLS OF ENGINELESS FLIGHT: A glider streaking across the sky (*left*) and other competing 'planes (*right*), all new models, drawn up at Ustjanowa, a hilly district of southern Poland where some 5,000 enthusiasts recently forgathered from all parts of the country to watch or compete in a series of altitude, duration, and long-distance flights. The meeting, which was jointly sponsored by the Air Club of Poland and the Llow Technical Institute of Gliding lasted fifteen days, during which time competitors and spectators lived under canvas. Up to 1929 no Polish glider-pilot had succeeded in remaining in the air for as long as five minutes, but of recent years immense strides have been made and journeys of 100 miles or more are now fairly common

A WOMAN ENTHUSIAST: Marja Young, a former holder of an altitude record, pictured on the first day of the meeting at Ustjanowa, a few minutes before taking off on a flight which unluckily ended in a somewhat serious accident to her glider. She has been interested in the sport for only four years

THE BEST YET: Captain Baranowski (centre), the pilot who won the long-distance contest at the meeting, covering just over 200 miles. In setting up this new native record he crossed the southern Polish border into Rumania. Other competitors glided into neighbouring Czechoslovakian and Russian territory

THE TAKE-OFF: *Left*—The tow rope released as pilot Antoniak's 'plane gathered momentum at the start of his record altitude flight in which he succeeded in reaching a height of well over ten thousand feet. *Right*—A glider brought to the top of a slope prior to being towed off the ground

TOWNSMEN TAKE TO THE LAND

Two Settlemen's Where the Unemployed are Setting Up as Smallholders

A PROLIFIC YIELD: Gathering the first tomatoes at Fen Drayton, Cambridgeshire, one of the Land Settlement Association's sixteen estates already in being. In the spring of this year twenty trainees had taken up residence here, each assured of a weekly income from the Unemployment Board while being taught landwork, and each provided with the stock, tools, and equipment needed to operate their holdings

A PIONEER VENTURE: Mr. H. H. Morris, an executive officer of the Land Settlement Association, in conversation with a housewife on the Potton Estate, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, where the Association, which was formed in 1934 at the instance of the Minister of Agriculture, has acquired 535 acres and divided it up into some thirty holdings with the necessary houses and outbuildings. Here carefully selected unemployed men from the distressed areas, accompanied by their families, are being trained in market-gardening and poultry keeping with a view to their eventually becoming self-supporting and largely independent

LIFTING THE POTATO CROP: Smallholders at work at Fen Drayton

POULTRY FARMING AT POTTON: One of the main branches of work carried on at this Bedfordshire settlement which is already making excellent progress. The individual results are particularly encouraging, and those previously dispirited by the long and fruitless struggle to find work in the industrial districts have become mentally and physically rehabilitated

UNDER EXPERT SUPERVISION: An instructor directing the work of trainees at Fen Drayton, ex-miners, steel workers, and shipyard hands who, for the most part, are proving apt agricultural pupils. The financing of this and other settlements is being carried out partly through private subscription and partly through public funds

Pictures by A. Console

GROUP MARKETING: An estate lorry collecting potatoes grown on the various holdings at Potton before taking them to the central farm building where the resident warden, acting on behalf of the Settlement Association, arranges the selling of the produce for the men

THE GODS OF THE DESA TEMPLES: These structures are known as "Merus," and they represent the Cosmic Mountain known also to the Babylonians. An interesting feature is that the roofs, called Toompangs, are always constructed in uneven numbers ranging from three to eleven

BALI *from an* UNUSUAL ANGLE

A PICTURESQUE BURIAL GROUND: The royal tomb of Tampak-Siring, hewn from solid rock. One of the many other interesting facets of Bali, which has for so long been pictorially dominated by its fascinating dancers

TROPICAL AGRICULTURE: By means of dykes the water, which is plentiful on the island, is taken to the tilled fields, which would otherwise be parched in the great heat. As it is the crops are healthy and abundant in yield

DUNLOP PORT 90

SALLY

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HISTORIC and ROMANTIC DALMATIA: SCENE of the KING'S YACHTING HOLIDAY

The Palace at Split Where the Emperor Diocletian Spent His Last Days, and the Picturesque Islet of St. Stefan

ONCE A ROYAL RESIDENCE: The remains of the Palace of Diocletian at Split, built in the third century for the Dalmatian-born Roman Emperor who, on his abdication in the year 305, went there to spend the last eight years of his life. This is only one of many places of historic interest on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, the least known but one of the most delightful of Europe's rivieras and the scene of King Edward's cruising holiday in the *Nahlin*

A GEM OF THE ADRIATIC: St. Stefan, a beautiful Dalmatian islet which, like St. Michael's Mount, is connected with the mainland by a causeway. It is typical of the out-of-the-way places where the King has chosen to land during his holiday on this coast, preferring for the most part to avoid the popular resorts and the larger ports of call where big crowds would inevitably gather

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TELEVISION UPON US

The Latest Wonder of the Age Comes to Revolutionise the Art of Broadcasting—The B.B.C.'s Preparations at Alexandra Palace

WHO can say what will be the outcome of the elaborately organised venture into television which the B.B.C. is to launch at Alexandra Park in the course of the next week or so?

There are some who declare that this television—which is a sort of combination of the stage, the concert hall, the ballet, the cinema, and broadcasting—will, in the end, prove a greater marvel than the talkies; a greater institution than broadcasting itself. But that, of course, is to look a long way ahead.

It is sufficient for the moment that the hour of the great experiment draws near. The engineers under D. C. Birkinshaw—who was formerly in charge of the old low definition service—are nearing the end of their task of installation. Already the production staff, the programme builders, the stage directors, the cinema man, and the official hostess announcers have moved in. Already they are at work, studying conditions, rehearsing, tuning-up and tuning-in for the great moment when they present their works and themselves to lookers—or televiewers, as some prefer to call them—throughout the country,

It may be recalled that the old low definition system, which was abandoned two or three years ago, was broadcast only late at night, between 11 and 12 p.m. Neither the system nor the hour made it particularly popular. None the less, about 3,000 people, many of them in the provinces, installed their own receiving sets. These were, for the most part, built by enthusiastic amateurs; sometimes at a cost as low as £3 or £4 apiece.

To-day things are very different and it is expected that before long there will be a boom in the manufacture of receiving sets which will be constructed under licence. In the old days, the programmes—if such they could be called—were sketchy and the hour of their broadcast inconvenient. Now there are to be definite programmes, three a day to start with, which will probably be broadcast at the following times: the first from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.; the second from 6.15 to 7.15 p.m.; and the third from 9.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.

FOR THE NEW MEDIUM: The recently erected eighty-foot television tower at the Alexandra Palace, headquarters of Mr. Gerald Cock, the B.B.C. Television Director. He and his staff moved in at the beginning of this month

At first the programme will consist mainly of song numbers, ballet, and sound films. The cinematograph will for the present constitute the basis of the programme. Even so, to be able to see and listen to a talkie! projected on one's own wall should be something to wonder at.

But one thing, to prevent disappointment, should be clearly understood. The projection area — the screen — will be small; about 12 by 10 ins. It may be that one day the screens wtll be as large as those in modern cinemas; but for the moment, obviously, for public "looking" —one feels one must quote this word for the present— only small and intimate theatres, holding say a maximum of thirty persons, are possible.

Will such theatres be available? They will. It is hoped that within a few weeks most of the great stores will have them. At present in many of the stores, both great and small, you are able to listen while you shop. Presumably, when you go shopping, you will be able to look as well. To-day there are cinema theatres at some of the railway termini. Soon it is hoped that people forced to wait in railway stations will be able to pass the time in looking. Not only that, but there will be hosts of radio shops at which you can drop in and look in the same way that you can now drop in and listen.

Now while for the present the screens will be small, the premises required for production purposes are vast. At Alexandra Park have been built studios and "floors"—stages—resembling in many ways the film studios which produce talkies. Except that in some ways they are of necessity more elaborate. On the floors of the studios can be built all the sets required for any kind of production. The camera work, too, is much the same as in a film studio. The electro eye, as the lens has been aptly called, can be wheeled into this position or that. It can take long shots or close-ups, or could be taken down to the lake-side to make a "pan"—panorama—of a ballet.

The synchronised sound system is the ordinary sound system, but it has to be remembered that, during broadcasting, sight and sound reach the looker almost at the moment of transmission. It is the synchronised broadcasting of sight and sound of what is actually happening at the moment which has confronted the television producers with new problems. Whence, for instance, are they to find their television stars?

The B.B.C. has discovered many stars. But many of their stars must remain purely Broadcast Stars. For while they may always be heard to advantage, it would never do if they were seen. Some of them are either not good-lookers or they could never look the part. And with television the artists must definitely be good-lookers or look the part.

Television stars may therefore be hard to find. They may even have to be "made." For, apart from physical and dramatic qualifications, they will require iron nerves. Not only what they say but what they do goes out instantaneously—and beyond recall—to a vast and unseen audience of lookers. At Alexandra Park they are already speaking of tele-nerves.

(*Continued on page* 318)

THE SPAIN OF TRADITION: A sad contrast with prevailing conditions

BURGOS: REBEL G.H.Q.

The Slumbering, Dusty City of the Castilian Plain Caught in the Grip of the Civil War

IN the middle of Castilla la Vieja, Old Castile—most Spanish, and proudest province of the Peninsula—there lies Burgos, tawny, ancient Burgos, crumbling back into the lemon-coloured dust of the Castilian plateau. A grand old city, dominated by the best Gothic cathedral in Spain, but quiet, almost dull: one used to get so tired of those endless walks along the banks of the Arlanzon, where nurses imported from Aragon wheel their charges in the cool of the morning, and proud ladies in shabby victorias open their parasols to the sun.

It is hard to believe that Burgos is now the insurgents' northern headquarters; but not so hard when you know your history and your Castilians. It was for long the capital of Castile and Leon when the southern provinces were still in the hands of the Moors. St. Ferdinand and Alonso the Wise lived there—and more than that, that fabled martial hero of Spain—the Cid—was a citizen of Burgos. It is the most famous city of Castile the Old; and the people of the two Castiles, old and new, are still virile, conservative, loyal to their ancient faiths, and ready enough, I suppose, to support those who claim to be the saviours of those ancient faiths.

The city itself is hardly beautiful. It makes a fine impression when you come down, as I did, from San Sebastian, through country increasingly arid, increasingly monotonous, the dark-caped peasants in the windy fields going about their business with the air of kings—as Addison says of those in the *Georgics*, even tossing manure with an air of dignity. It makes a fine impression because of that magnificent cathedral, and the sense of its being one huge castellated fortress.

I remember sitting under the colonnades of the ash-coloured Plaza Mayor, looking over tiled, angular roofs to where the elaborate towers of the cathedral rise, and behind that, harsh, sandstone hills with ruined fortifications on the top. It was the time of Primo de Rivera's fall. The bootblack busy at my shoes was engaged in a fierce argument with a seller of lottery tickets. The bootblack was monarchist, the lottery pedlar, republican; and the latter was enforcing his argument with reference to decisions made by workers' organisations in Barcelona and Madrid. To every such argument the bootblack spat out the word: *populacho!*—(rabble). To these Castilians, the people of the big towns are rabble; and, as everyone knows, all true Castilians are nobles, even to the bootblacks. That feeling of superior birth is very strong in these people, and they are therefore more likely to stand by the insurgents than to support a Government which they regard as, so to speak, socially unworthy!

Between Burgos and the Government troops is some of the hardest country in Spain. I am not in a position to discuss it from a strategical point of view; but I know that I would not care to march over it, much less to drag a pack or a gun. The sun, during seven months of the year is pitiless; and during the other five the winds are enough to cut your cloak in two. Even when the winds like those of Madrid, are not strong enough to blow out a candle, they are strong enough to blow out a life.

It is a bare, arid country, few trees, few watercourses, and these either dry or in raging flood. It is pitched high up—you feel you are eternally on the summit of a mountain; and settlements few and far between, the smaller villages simply groups of mud and adobe, burnt brown; the horizon unfriendly, dramatic, and ending in sharp-toothed, hostile ridges like those of the Guadarrama. Quite obviously, it is no easy task for the Government troops to come down upon Burgos; and no easy task for the insurgents to come down upon Madrid, which lies in country as harsh as their own.

In spite of all these things, Burgos, to me, remains its cathedral. What a tragedy if the Government troops and those of the insurgents should clash at Burgos! To destroy that gorgeous example of Spanish Gothic would be the work of a few passionate, Spanish days—a few such days as we have read of during the last month; and the greatest crime against beauty that Spain has yet perpetrated—there have been many—would shock the whole cultured world. But I cannot believe such a thing is possible. Slumbering, dusty Burgos; surely they will not lay her in sudden ruin. And yet—anything can happen in that land, where all the Don Quixotes are arrayed against all the Sancho Panzas; and each side is evilly advised!

Roy Elston

Burgos Cathedral, constructed of the white marble-like limestone of Ontoria, was founded on July 20, 1221 by Ferdinand III ("el Santo") and Bishop Maurice, an Englishman. It therefore originated in the period of the developed Gothic style, though it was not finished for more than 300 years. "It is not a little curious, and not very gratifying to the *amour propre* of Spanish artists," wrote G. E. Street, "that in this great church the two periods in which the most artistic vigour was shown, and the grandest architectural works undertaken, were marked, the first by the rule of a well-travelled bishop—commonly said to be an Englishman—under an English princess, and who seems to have employed an Angevine architect; and the second by the rule of another travelled bishop, who, coming home from Germany, brought with him a German architect, into whose hands all the great works in the city seem at once to have been put."

SPANISH CHARACTER

Revealed in New Sketches from the Peninsula

A WINE MAKER OF ANDALUSIA

A FRUIT VENDOR OF SEVILLE

Two character studies by A. M. Pecker, an artist with a wide experience of Spain and a deep knowledge of its people

STUDIES IN CONTRAST: POVERTY-STRICKEN WANDERERS AND PROLETARIAN ELEGANCE

Here Mr. Pecker shows the vagabonds that are such a feature of Spain's highways, and (right) an interesting working-class type

SPAIN *in* TRAVAIL

JOYOUS REUNION: Two friends in the Government armed Communist forces pictured as they met by chance in a village on the Guadarrama front, where the loyalists have put up a stern resistance and managed to check the rebel advance on Madrid

ORPHANS OF THE STORM: A tragic picture of a young Spanish girl sheltering with her baby brother in a broken doorway. They were the only remaining inhabitants of Robregordo, which at different times has been shelled both by rebels and loyalists

War between nation and nation, product of race rivalry or greed, inevitably brings in its train horror and tragedy, but events in Spain illustrate how these things are multiplied many times over when it comes to internecine conflict, when neighbour is at enmity with neighbour, and the veneer of civilisation wears hopelessly thin. The struggle in the peninsula, now entering on its second month, became increasingly intense last week, culminating on Saturday

(Continued on right)

MESSENGER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION: A shell being rammed home dur... few places of historic interest have been involved, but elsewhere the damage has... esque feature of Toledo, is in ruins, and many parts of Algeciras have been bomba...

A NAVAL CASUALTY: Bringing ashore at Gibraltar the first Spanish sailor to b... wounded in the civil war. He was hit by shrapnel during an action ne... Gibraltar between the loyalist cruiser *Lepanto* and General Franco's gunb... on the Moroccan side of the Straits. The result of the engagement was inconclu...

Aspects of the Civil War After a Month of Fighting

...uring an artillery action at Guadarrama. On this front ...as been on a wide scale; Zocodover Square, a pictur... ...barded out of existence by the 12-in. guns of a warship

GUARDIAN OF THE GUADARRAMA: A loyalist sentry on duty in the hill country to the north of Madrid where a long drawn out battle for possession of the passes resulted last week in a position amounting to stalemate

QUENCHING A MIGHTY THIRST: A militiaman, his throat parched by the long march through the dusty, arid plains of Castile, gratefully drinks from a pitcher during a halt. Note the heavy blankets he carries on his back, a wearisome burden in the day time but a vital necessity in the cold nights spent at altitudes of five thousand feet or more

SHOWING THEM HOW: An officer (left) instructing militiamen in the use of the rifles with which they had just been issued for the first time. Some of the volunteers have very rudimentary ideas on the handling of arms

in the fall of Badajoz where, after fierce fighting, shelling, and bombing from the air, and a savage hand-to-hand battle in the streets, the rebels gained the mastery. Scenes of indescribable horror followed as the ruthless legionaries from Morocco made of the city a funeral pyre for its slaughtered loyal defenders, Communist militiamen, who contested every inch of the ground and finally forfeited their lives

A DAY at DENHAM:

FIRST GLIMPSE OF DENHAM: The towering concrete walls of the London Film studios where no fewer than eight pictures are at present in course of production costing in all over £1,000,000

THE end of August not only marks the peak point of the summer holidays; it also finds the Denham Studios at the peak point of their production. No fewer than eight pictures are being made at this minute. As none of them will cost less than £130,000, it means that over £1,000,000 worth of films are being made. But they are not all London Film Productions by any means; for the gigantic studios, looking like Zeppelin hangars with their green roofs and somewhat Germanic concrete architecture, are in part leased out to Capitol Films, Victor Savile Productions, Pall Mall Productions, and Atlantic Films, as well as the Pendennis Film Company, which is a subsidiary of London Films. At the present minute they have Marlene Dietrich, Elisabeth Bergner, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Richard Tauber, and Miriam Hopkins, not to mention Gertrude Lawrence, Vivien Leigh, and other lesser film stars, all working there. Even Paderewski is on the job.

TUDOR DRESS IN A FLORAL SETTING: Vivien Leigh, who is starring in the Queen Elizabeth picture, in conversation with a friend in one of the delightful sunken gardens at Denham

But come with me to the studios, the simplest route is by train from Paddington to Denham. It takes twenty-five minutes with a five-minute walk across the fields at the other end. If you go by car it will take you nearly an hour, for the studios are on the Denham by-pass just short of Rickmansworth. Many of you must have passed the entrance and noticed the invariable crowd of sightseers and celebrity hunters outside the gates hoping to get a glimpse of Hollywood's leading ladies. But as the newspaper seller with his bicycle said to me, "I believe it would be easier to get into Buckingham Palace if you have not got a pass."

As you enter the swing doors, after walking up the small drive, you find yourself in a kind of foyer with a bust of George Grossmith, the first chairman of the company, cream coloured walls and a blonde carpet. It is all rather like Claridge's. On the left is a corridor literally a quarter-of-a-mile long, the first room being, suitably enough, the office of the cashier. On either side of the corridor are the offices of the various executives with the exception of Alexander Korda who resides, when he is in his room, on the floor above on the right. Each of the offices is furnished rather like Claridge's, a simile which continually asserts itself because the famous hotel in Brook Street is where most of the American stars stay. Along this corridor passes a ceaseless stream of people. It may be a waitress in a green and white check uniform bringing sandwiches to the accountant. It may be the director of the publicity escorting four film critics. It may be Zoltan Korda, one of the directors. It may be Adolphe, the mongrel dachshund, the only dog allowed in the studios. It may be the head of the sound department. It may be Gertrude Lawrence on her way to her dressing-room, or Vivien Leigh in Tudor costume.

On left—A PIONEER OF BRITISH PICTURES: The bust of George Grossmith, the first chairman of London Film Productions, which stands in the entrance hall of the Denham studios

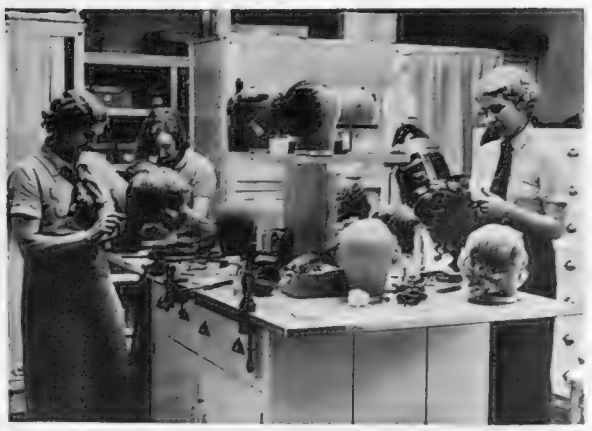
Next we go to a projection theatre decorated just like the Curzon cinema, and about the same size. A number of men are busy at work here fixing the sound installation because Jack Hylton's band is about to record music to synchronise with a musical film. Close at hand is another but smaller projection theatre which is used for "rushes." Out you go through a door across a yard with the purchasing department on one side, notices of "Danger, High Voltage" on the other, and a girl in an old Dutch costume making her way to the studio where *Rembrandt* is being filmed. A few feet along is a sound truck. This is a big van costing £6,500, which takes the place of the old-fashioned sound booth. Being mobile it can be driven off in case of a breakdown in the sound equipment and repair or replace instantly.

THE LONG CORRIDOR: This actually stretches for a quarter of a mile down the whole length of the studios and on either side of it are ranged the spacious offices of nearly all the executives

THE VIRGIN QUEEN AND HER FAVOURITE: part she has always had an ambition to play, and a scene from *Fire Over England* which is now one of Korda's greatest successes. Miss Robson

The Hollywood of the British Film Industry

DESCRIBED BY CHARLES GRAVES



THE WIG MAKER'S ROOM where a skilled staff is constantly at work creating coiffures for period pictures. The wigs have to be baked to prevent the permanent waves from being affected by the heat of the arc lamps

The next thing you will be shown is one of the small studios with a battery of cameras, a lank young man in blue who has designed the costumes, and the furniture and background of a modern drawing-room. All round, workmen in white aprons are hard at work sawing things, nailing things down, and generally being extremely busy. That is the chief impression one gets of Denham - it looks as though everyone is on piece-work. Everybody is doing something, or walking in a business-like way to do something. One hears stories of the immense waste of time in Hollywood film studios. This cannot be the case at Denham. The work is as rhythmic and quiet as a dynamo with a silencer.

Just round the corner we find William K. Howard, the ace film director, walking up and down in a green lounge suit, with hunched shoulders, smoking a cigarette, and with a worried expression on his face. Everybody seems tense. Leslie Banks is dressed up as Sir Francis Drake, and is being touched up by the make-up man. Jimmy Wong How, the famous Chinese cameraman, is looking inscrutable. A bunch of camera-men, sound-men, and others—Mr. Korda's young gentlemen, in fact—are standing around in grey flannel trousers and leather golf-jackets with zip fasteners or pullovers.

The chief impression you get when watching a film being shot is of the extraordinarily crowded atmosphere. In a room the size of a typical Mayfair drawing room there will be at least thirty to forty people excluding the actors and actresses. There are tripods, ladders, script writers, camera-men, dressers, assistant directors, carpenters, and so on. It is astonishing that they do not tread all over each other and that there seems to be so little friction. I must say that on this occasion William K. Howard looked like a poet in travail, but then Eric Pommer the producer was there too.

Close at hand, on my visit, was a most elaborate set in the hall of the studios. It purported to be Queen Elizabeth's Palace. About fifty or sixty carpenters were busy stencilling the imitation tiles, daubing on paint, fixing photostatic tapestries on the walls, and building the imitation roof. Young Frank Wells, the son of H. G. Wells, and himself the studio expert on the Elizabethan period, was supervising the work.

Round the corner was stacked a pile of arc lights. These are actually made on the premises, for Denham is practically self-contained. It even grows its own hothouse plants in case they are wanted. There is, of course, an ambulance room. There are also a foundry and a power house, and covered ways from the dressing rooms to the various sets so that there is no fear of rain damaging the costumes.

WAITING TO BE CALLED: Players in one of the Elizabethan court scenes in *Fire Over England*

By devious corridors one is then taken to the central entrance where the crowds arrive and are checked in before proceeding to a huge room where, over a long counter, they are handed out their costumes. Close at hand are the make-up rooms and the wig-makers. Here they shewed me how they make false noses, and bake the wigs to keep the permanent wave permanent even under the hot arc lights. Out again I went past huge ladders into another studio with a roof seventy feet high, and the exterior of a suburban villa being got ready for the picture *Triangle*. The walls of the studio are all covered with asbestos blanketing, and in one corner, by climbing up a ladder, I saw a huge dummy organ and a section of a concert hall where Paderewski is making *Moonlight Sonata*. All round me workmen were busy. It does not surprise me in the least that, though Denham was as badly hit by unemployment as any part of the country a few months ago, it can now boast that there is not a single unemployed man within a radius of five miles.

One of the most interesting parts of the studio is the office of the experts. They have to be people who know all about anything, from Julius Caesar's wardrobe to the exact furnishings of a sleeper in the Blue Train. In Vincent Korda's room I came across literally hundreds of photographs of Amsterdam and other parts of Holland for the Rembrandt film as well as pictures of typical bedrooms in English hotels, which gives you a good contrast.

Stepping round the corner one enters a complete Italian village of a hundred years ago, with a covey of huge arc lights like black owls planted on planks 40 ft. from the ground. In a corner were piles of dummy mandolins. The general effect was that of a typical section of the Brussels, Paris, or Vienna Exhibitions. For everything is microscopically and photographically accurate.

In the passage outside the walls are painted with lines in different colours: brown, orange, blue, green, yellow, red, grey, and black. Above each line is painted a phrase such as "operating theatre," "men's crowds," "shops' prop. room," and so on. By following the lines the visitor can make his way to his destination without having to ask needless questions. Indeed these lines are necessary, and it must take weeks to find one's way about these studios which cover 28 acres.

Now it is time for lunch. So we go to the Executives' restaurant which is as smart as any hotel. There is a huge display table with two white-capped chefs. Grey-headed Robert Kane sits at one table in the interval from rehearsing *Wings in the Morning*, the first British full length techni-colour film. Joan Gardner is lunching with Zoltan Korda. Derek de Marney is in a zip jacket. You may remember him as the pilot in *The Shape of Things to Come*. Flora Robson is tucking in, but has her back to us. The red-headed girl near the door is Ruby Cortez, assistant script writer. The restaurant is only half full. Miriam Hopkins and the other stars happen at the moment still to be in the studios. But a moment later Marlene Dietrich comes in.

Next door is the big restaurant and buffet for everyone else. There is no licence for this restaurant. Time is precious and alcohol is considered undesirable during working hours.

After lunch we visited one of the most interesting buildings in the place, This is where the plasterers are hard at work. They are the real magicians of the film world. They will make you anything from an imitation pocket battleship or auto-gyro to a revolving bookcase within a couple of hours. Leading out from this department is the place where the sculptors are hard at work making models of castles and Westminster Bridge and anything else historical which look life-size when shot by clever camera men.

The public has no idea of the hundreds of problems which beset the producer of a film. In the paint department a few yards away one comes across imitation stained glass windows, and a dozen different cornices. On the big black board are the detailed jobs to be done in the next 24 hours. They included, the day I was there, a Wishing Well, a a suite at the Savoy Hotel, a modern caravan, and the grand stand at Epsom.

Elsewhere we find Alexander Korda himself supervising a scene with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. Unfortunately, Eric Pommer is in a story conference—however we met William Cameron Menzies in the corridor. But now one is sated with impressions and there is only one more thing left to do. This is to walk a few yards along the bank of the River Colne. This is about 150 yards wide and ideal for any water scenes, from the Grand Canal in Venice to the lagoons of the South Seas. On its bank is a charming old red brick country house—the original mansion known as The Fisheries which belonged to Lord Forres who sold the house and the property that went with it to London Film Productions. Here a dozen scenario writers live and have their being. Each has a separate room suitably furnished with everything that should conduce to good dialogue.

As you walk dazedly across the fields back to the railway station you realise that Denham has really countered Hollywood, and no wonder Hollywood is anxious. Here on what was so recently a quiet country property you have all the glamour, bustle, make-believe, as well as the leading film stars of Hollywood itself.

But above all, the make-believe.

Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth, a Leslie Banks as the Earl of Leicester in production and is likely to prove make-up takes over two hours to put on

SET BUILDERS: Plasterers engaged in making properties for a new film. They are very busy at the moment as the studios have so many pictures in production some of which demand highly elaborate architectural settings

THE BASHFUL GROOM AND THE NERVOUS BRIDE: Michael Wilding and Dorothy Dickson in "Here we Are," one of the many amusing sketches in *Spread it Abroad*, William Walker's revue which is enjoying such a long run at the Saville Theatre

PLAYS *of the* DAY

Two Specimens of Theatrical Victorianism—"The Two Bouquets" at the Ambassadors and "The Ante-Room" at the Queen's: Dante Comes to Town

Reviewed by Philip Page

LAST week were to be seen two specimens of theatrical Victorianism, one of them as merry a trifle as anyone could wish for, the other an example of inspissable (and extremely dull) gloom.

Which is something of a poser alike for those who argue that our grandfathers and grandmothers were a prim and sombre crew, and for those septuagenarians who sigh that life has been dreary ever since Kate Hamilton's was closed, and the bar-heroes of the old *Pink 'Un* days drank their last B. and S.

The truth being, of course, that those distant Victorians were much as we ourselves are, but with a little more political gumption and international cuteness, as well as a wise unwillingness to let authority dictate to them in the matter of when to buy a glass of beer or a toothbrush.

Let us look on the gay picture first and dwell on it the longer. A whole lot of bouquets should go to *The Two Bouquets* at the Ambassadors, by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon, with a medley of Victorian tunes arranged and scored with wise and witty musicianship by K. Ernest Irving. I found this entertainment entirely enjoyable. Even when one of the two tenors gave us a few trying moments during one of his songs by showing rather too forcibly the distance between himself and a Gigli or a Borgilio, he atoned immediately afterwards, by proving his powers as a comedian. The comedian-in-chief, however, is Mr. George Benson, as the saftest of that Twickenham family in the 'seventies. He it was who, drinking too much of what I suppose they called "pop" or "bubbly" mixed up two bouquets and gave the play its pseudo-romantic plot.

And a very good plot too. It served for three acts of pure joy. We laugh with as well as at those folk, who, in spite of the flamboyance necessary for burlesque, are quite human. There are plenty of witty lines and the double meaning is employed amusingly and is not overdone.

I am no praiser of bygone things just because they are bygone. But I delight in asserting as arrogantly as may be that there is more merriment and sparkle in most of those "popular" tunes of sixty years ago than in all to-day's jazz-music, swing-music, crooner-fodder and so forth put together. And there is true melodic beauty in such songs as "She wore a wreath of roses" and "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming"—the latter, I understand, to be reserved for a sequel, which is not likely to be required for a long while.

The performance could hardly have been better. Mr. Frederick Ranalow is as at home in nineteenth century musical fun as in eighteenth century light opera. He has a sense of style. Miss Gertrude Musgrove played an actress of the period, who declared at a dramatic moment that she was so upset that she could have kissed her understudy. Miss Joyce Barbour was an admirable Victorian mamma, to whose maternal functions reference was made with a lack of reticence surprisingly un-Victorian.

"The Ante-Room"—With *The Ante-Room* we do indeed whisk from lively to severe. From Twickenham in the 'seventies to Ireland in the 'eighties is not much of a hop in itself; but the difference in climate between the Ambassadors on Thursday night and the Queen's on Friday was almost a shock to the system.

No blame should be attached to this play, based on Kate O'Brien's novel, because it is gloomy. The fault is that it *is* so obviously based on a novel and neither expressed nor conducted in terms of the theatre. Therefore, theatrically speaking, it is static and tedious. That it deals with the hopeless love of a young girl for her sister's husband, with her mother slowly dying of cancer, with a diseased brother, with a nurse wrestling with morbid sex-repression, and with a morose and singularly uninteresting young man who commits suicide, would matter not at all to the value of a play as such, except that it would hardly make for fun. Tchehov could take such material and make another *The Seagull* out of it. But Tchehov, however sombre he may be, is never dull. He has, too, an odd and characteristic sense of humour. In this play I could trace no shred of humour beyond a mild attempt in a discussion between two women as to the use of face-powder which had, it seems, to be a clandestine process in the 'eighties.

The Ante-Room has subtlety, insight into character and other excellent qualities. But it has not those qualities which are essential in a play. And not even some good performances, notably those of Miss Diana Wynyard, as the girl whose love affairs went so sadly wrong, of Mr. Dennis' Blakelock, and of Miss Esmé Church, as a garrulous old nun, could supply them.

Upon the production much care had obviously been lavished. But I do not think a white waistcoat would have been worn at a dinner party in Ireland in 1880—certainly not one of the cut chosen by Mr. Clifford Evans. And I thought the general *tempo* too slow and the lighting insufficient. Possibly it was merely a case of *The Ante-Room's* depressing atmosphere giving that impression.

Dante.—The Alhambra may for the time being be described as "the Dante Room." That is to say, the whole theatre has been given over to Mr. Dante, the illusionist, lock, stock, and barrel. Particularly barrel, for an empty one gives forth real lager in endless supply to those in the more expensive seats, a clever demonstration both of conjuring and of the truth of the text "To him that hath . . ."

Dante is a broad-shouldered, suave, American-accented magician with flowing grey hair and an "imperial." He has an easy and confidential manner about him and a twinkle in his eye. This is his first visit to London, and I seem to have seen most of his bag o' tricks performed by such predecessors as Horace Goldin, the Great Lafayette, the Great Carmo, De Biere the mysterious, Houdini, Chung Ling Soo and others. But he does them remarkably well and manages to make a whole evening's job of it, helped by some youths and maidens, the latter getting in and out of boxes and being (apparently) cut in two without being unduly cut up about it.

I still think the whole hog of variety would have been the better plan, with Mr. Dante's act, like his young women, cut in half to give him a rest. The interval could be filled up with a jazzband or a comedian or two or an acrobatic troupe. Still, as a practically one-man show, Mr. Dante rates high.

REPERTORY IN AN OLD-WORLD SETTING: A scene from *The Taming of the Shrew* presented by the Norwich Players under the direction of Nugent Monck at the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich

"Le Pavillon."—After the mighty *Symphonic Fantastique*, *Le Pavillon*, the second of the season's two ballet novelties at Covent Garden seemed rather small beer. It is, however, a charming trifle. The plotlet serves well enough, and concerns a young poet who lurks in a sort of garden hut, euphemistically and politely described as a pavilion. He is waiting for his beloved; but this possibly unromantic tryst is interrupted by some dainty dancers in blue, headed by the adorable Riabouchinska. He cavorts about with them until his girl (Baronova) turns up in a baddish temper. None the less they dance together and all gather round happily for the finale.

Lichine has devised the choreography on gracefully classic lines, and dances the chief part in green tights and a red coatlet, designed for him by Mr. Cecil Beaton, that being presumably the correct dress for poets in that vaguely Byronic period. Borodine's music is delicious.

This phenomenally successful De Basil venture is now drawing to a close. Covent Garden will have been open uninterruptedly for about five months; huge audiences, even in August, being the rule. I am assured that this is the most successful year this theatre has known for a long time, for the short opera season was exceptionally well supported.

The management are to be congratulated. And the British public too—on their good taste.

ALFRESCO DRAMA: The Norwich Players, who are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary as a repertory company, giving a performance of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* by Thomas Dekker at the Maddermarket Theatre, the stage of which is situated in an old barn. Dekker, who was born in about the year 1570, was one of the most prolific dramatists of his time, and this particular piece reveals his remarkable gift for comedy

(Cont. on page 324)

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Really "De Luxe" Touring Comes Easy to the owners of the Ford V-8, universally conceded to be the luxury-car for the economically-inclined, generous in pleasure-giving, miserly in petrol-consumption, running and maintenance generally.

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PERSONAL

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL: Paula Wessely, talking to the stage manager at the opera house. She is again playing Gretchen in *Faust*, the part in which she scored such a success in 1934 and 1935 with her ingenuous but serious interpretation—characteristics which have since become world known on the screen

THE DIETRICH IN TYROLEAN DRESS: Hollywood's exquisite, who is to co-star with Robert Donat in the Korda picture, *Knight Without Armour*, leaving a shop in Salzburg where she went for the Festival. Walking just behind her is her eleven-year-old daughter Maria Sieber

MAN OF MYSTERY: M. Dante seen on arrival in London for his appearance at the Alhambra where his conjuring has been proving an attraction. Some of his tricks are really spectacular, but he lays no claim to supernatural powers

LOVE FINDS A WAY: Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish film star, and her Australian scenario-writer fiancé, Johnny Farrow, whom she is to marry shortly. They have had to wait two years for the granting of a Vatican dispensation as Mr. Farrow has been married before

WHOM DO YOU LIKE BEST? Judge Goodwin Knight (second from left) with Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mary Astor (the film star) and their four-year-old daughter, Marylyn, whom he visited with a view to finding out whether the child showed a particular preference for either of her parents. An incident in the long drawn-out Hollywood custody case

ART IN INDUSTRY: Dame Laura Knight, R.A., putting the finishing touches to her design for the Coronation mugs which will be presented to some 5,000,000 schoolchildren when King Edward is crowned next year

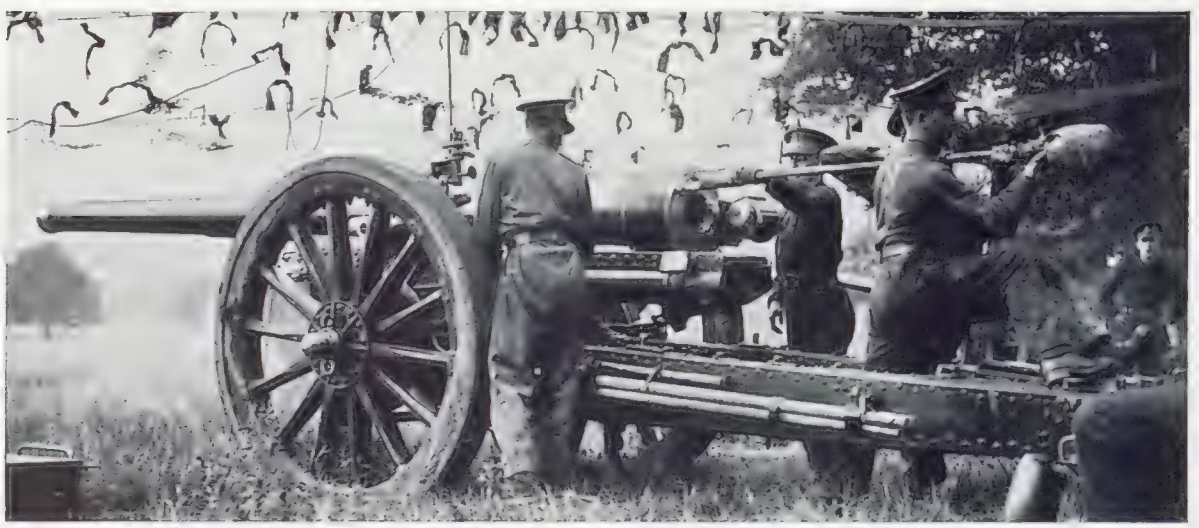
THE REVEL GIRLS whose superb dancing is a great feature of the current entertainment at the Piccadilly Hotel. Beryl Delkman is the producer of this lively floor show

A "BATTLE" for the

Aspects of the Realistic Military Greek Legend of the Heroes,

MODERN ARGONAUTS IN SUSSEX: Men of the South Staffs Regiment, equipped with gas masks, guarding a road with one of the new Bren guns during manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Horsham, which took the form of a battle for "The Golden Fleece," somewhat on the lines of the old Greek legend. A really realistic scheme was evolved, and while, of course, no attempt was made to adhere rigidly to the historic parallel, the resultant exercises had an interest which added not a little to the enthusiasm of officers and men. The "battle" raged from Monday to Friday of last week

MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK: Tanks of the D during recent weeks they have been engaged i remarkable degree of realism achieved. Gas c were marked as being contaminated, and the t of bomb craters on roads was also assumed.



LOADING A 60-POUNDER: Men of the 4th Medium Battery, Royal Artillery, assisting in the "defence" of Horsham. Their gun was drawn up on the edge of a wood in order to lessen the chances of its being observed by enemy observation 'planes

HONOURABLE RETIREMENT: The former colours of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, which were presented to them by Queen Victoria at Balmoral thirty-eight years ago, being escorted to the garrison church at Fort George, Inverness-shire, where they will henceforward occupy a place of honour. This battalion of the Seaforths claims descent from the Fraser Highlanders of 1756 and was reorganised in 1793 as the Ross-shire Buffs. It has a brilliant record of service

TERRITORIALS IN TRAINING: Men of the Norfolk and camp at Myrtle Grove, near Worthing, improvement over those in 1935, and it fruit. Many employers have granted members

"GOLDEN FLEECE"

Exercises in Sussex Based on the Old and Other Matters of Military Interest

Durham Light Infantry advancing along a road in Sussex where in exercises with other units, a feature of which has been the came prominently into the plan of campaign. Certain areas troops wore respirators when passing through. The existence while the River Arun provided an ideal natural obstacle

MAINTAINING TOUCH WITH H.Q.: A wireless operator of the 2nd Cameronians with one of the new portable sets which have a range of several miles and enable headquarters to communicate with detachments during the progress of an advance. When this picture was taken the Cameronians (representing the raiding tribe of the Lapithae) were engaged in defying the "Argonauts" in the "Golden Fleece" manœuvres in the Horsham district

nd Suffolk Infantry Brigade pictured on a seven-mile route march from their mberley, Sussex. The numbers under canvas this year show a satisfactory ready evident that the War Ministry's intensive recruiting campaign is bearing their staffs an extra fortnight's holiday with pay provided they go to camp

GAS MASKED MACHINE GUNNERS IN AMBUSH: A realistic scene during the recent campaign between the Argonauts and the men of Colchis. The Argonauts, represented by the 6th Infantry Brigade, commanded by Jason (Brigadier H. C. Ponsonby) were supposed to have landed at Brighton and their objective was a "temple" at Hurt Wood, near Ewhurst, some thirty miles to the north-west, where the "Fleece" was under guard by the Colchican forces

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Biography, Fiction, and Other Works for Holiday Reading

By VERNON FANE

FOR readers who are on holiday, or about to leave for a holiday, I have compiled the following list of books, all recently published, with a brief note about each, which may serve as a guide when selecting reading for leisure hours.

Biography

THE WILD IRISH GIRL, by Lionel Stevenson (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), is the life of Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan, whose novels provoked the critics and whose personality scandalised the social life of London a hundred years ago. A lively and racy figure, against a fine picture of her times.

PARNELL, by Joan Haslip (Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.), is a life which demands not only the re-creation of a magnetic, romantic, and tragic personality, but a sure knowledge of the contemporary political and social scene. Brilliant pages in which we begin to understand the fascination this amazing man exercised over friend and foe alike.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC, by V. Sackville West (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s.), in which a distinguished poet and novelist applies her gifts to a study of one of the most elusive characters in history. Intuitively sound, delightfully written. A Book Society choice.

SAGITTARIUS RISING, by Cecil Lewis (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), is an autobiography with a difference. The author rushed from school into the R.F.C. at the tender age of seventeen and, admitting the paucity of good literature on aerial warfare, has immortalised the days when men and boys went heroically into combat, and often into single combat, half-trained and in experimental machines. Nor is that all, for there were post-war adventures and to spare for this youth, who is also something of a poet, and whose writing is as fine and sensitive as it is vigorous.

PETER THE GREAT, by Alexei Tolstoy (Gollancz. 16s.), is a full-length biography by an acknowledged master among the modern Russians. A brilliant picture of the barbaric and savage land that was Russia in the seventeenth century, the inheritance of the boy Peter who was to found the modern Russian Empire, and a fine study of a man who was to be called Great.

Fiction

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig (Martin Secker. 8s. 6d.), is another powerful war novel by the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. It is a terrible and moving story, the theme of which is posed between those who directed and those who carried out those operations which led to the massacre which was Verdun.

MIGUEL OF THE BRIGHT MOUNTAIN, by Raymond Otis (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). A novel of Mexico—of racial clashes, of economic subjection and religious fervour, of love and hot passion. Tense, colourful, well-written, with some interesting light on that strange sect, the Penitentes.

MELUSINE, by Charlotte Haldane (Barker. 7s. 6d.); a story of witchcraft and of a great sorceress of the Middle Ages. Well sustained and even exciting, the author translates this medieval conflict into a good novel, humanizing the supernatural by the brilliance of her character-drawing.

SUMMER OF LIFE, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), in which the author re-introduces us to that well-beloved character, Sally. Sally and the Merrall family are inseparable, but although tragedy lurks about this, their further history, it is a happy book, full of light and laughter, and of that observation and sense of atmosphere that puts Mrs. Kean Seymour in the front rank of living novelists.

TURN, MAGIC WHEEL, by Dawn Powell (Constable. 7s. 6d.), bristles with emotional triangles in a New York setting. Clever, at times brilliant in character analysis; vivid in its city vignettes, the sort of story that compels reading to the last word, yet leaving one wondering whether just this sort of people was worth so much talent.

THE SECRET JOURNEY, by James Hanley (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), is a continuation of *The Furys* "the saga of the working classes which Mr. Hanley published early in 1935." It certainly is. Savage, sombre, steeped in inspissated gloom, without a vestige of a flash of humour. A powerful writer, Mr. Hanley, but not one for weak stomachs.

LONDON PRIDE, by Shaw Desmond (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.), is an enormous novel of nearly a thousand pages. It begins with Bert Tancy, an office boy who wins the V.C., gets mixed up with high finance, makes a large fortune, makes a fool of himself with a cinema star, loses all his money, narrowly escapes landing in gaol, and finally winds up with a knighthood. This is a large and spacious tale, largely and spaciously told.

THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS, by Wilhelm Speyer (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), is a story which caused Mr. Hendrik van Loon to "hasten to his good publishers" to ask them to translate and publish it because "you are sure to make a lot of people very happy." The good Mr. van Loon is undoubtedly right, for the novel breathes delicate charm, the charm of the life of a German Grand-Ducal Court in 1805, living undisturbed under the shadow of Napoleon's armies until the inevitable rupture. A rare and refreshing treat for the discriminating.

EMILY BRONTË'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF HER PET MERLIN HAWK: A picture from Haworth Parsonage Museum which forms the frontispiece of Virginia Moore's *The Life and Eager Death of Emily Brontë* (Rich and Cowan. 18s.) and evidences the great woman writer's prowess as an artist which was superior to that of her sisters, the observation often being more exact and the execution at once firmer and freer

A PINE TREE IN THE GARDEN OF THE PENSIONNAT HEGER, BRUSSELS: Another drawing by Emily Brontë which she presented to a school-friend who treasured it throughout her life. "The shadows of the far-spreading branches are meticulously done, but with spirit," writes Virginia Moore, "as if while sketching Emily entered into the essential nature of those shadows"

GOING TO THE SEA, by Doreen Wallace (Collins. 7s. 6d.), follows the form of three long short stories which Miss Rebecca West so successfully exploited in *The Harsh Voice*. The first is a story of a spoilt schoolgirl, poignant in its insight into an awakening mind. The second is told with all the heart-aches and tenderness that accompany a girl's first love. The last, with a deeper heart-ache, is called "Last Love." I have extolled Miss Wallace's exceptional qualities before; in these stories she is revealed at her very best.

THE WHITE HARE, by Francis Stuart (Collins. 7s. 6d.), is a novel which I unhesitatingly recommend for its beauty and lyric quality. There is a boy in it whom one will remember through the oceans of printed pages yet to come, and this story of an Irish family will go among those few precious books destined, upon an accessible shelf, for re-reading and re-reading.

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING, by Hillel Bernstein (Gollancz. 6s.) is, if you approve of dictators, of making the trains run to time, of concentration camps as a corrective for political opponents and inferior races, of making a fine and upstanding nation imbued with military discipline; it is, I say, if you approve, absolute bosh. It isn't even funny. It is decidedly in bad taste. The fellow must have been at all the wrong schools, one after another. Everybody misguided enough to have a different view will rock and roll with laughter at the adventures of Mr. Keets Wilbur among the heroes of Bildo. Satire with punch and gusto: uproarious fun.

MEN IN ARMS, by George Slocombe (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is a serious novel on a serious subject by a famous journalist. It is a vivid and dramatic story in which the traffic in arms and the powerful and sinister forces behind it are the central theme. The background of the European scene is as authoritative as a foreign correspondent of many years standing can make it, the pace is well maintained and the story as tense as it is real. A novel I recommend you not to miss.

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS, by Ramon J. Sender (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), has especial interest in these days of strife and civil war in Spain. Briefly it is the story of a sporadic revolutionary outbreak in Madrid, told in the first person by a journalist who has thrown in his lot with the Communists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists. In this novel there is a deep insight into the vague and almost inconsequential acceptance of political ideals, improperly understood, by a type that is at the same time passionately stirred to deeds of heroic self-sacrifice. Through this book we may understand something of the tragedy at present being enacted in Spain. It is brilliantly translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell.

General Books

THE WAR IN OUTLINE, by Liddell Hart (Faber and Faber. 5s.), can best be described in the words of the publishers. "A nervous fear of doing violence to the English language is all that prevents us from describing this as 'the super-short history of the world war.'" Captain Liddell Hart has indeed achieved a miracle of lucid exposition of the opposing strategies, principles, and course of events of the last war.

POT LUCK IN ENGLAND, by Douglas Goldring (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), is a type of travel book in and around our own country which has enjoyed an immense vogue during the past few years. He travels familiar ground noting unfamiliar things, setting them down with the wit and skill of a practised writer upon things observed. Such a book depends much upon the personality of the writer, and Mr. Goldring makes one of the pleasantest companions with whom we have journeyed so far.

THIS ENGLAND, by W. S. Shears (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), is a veritable inquire within upon everything to do with every corner of the English countryside. Folk-lore, churches, people, inns, castles, market days, early closing days, dialect, coats-of-arms, local dishes, and a hundred other bits of information, together with illustrations and maps. Money's worth and a fine guide book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CHATTO & WINDUS.—EYELESS IN GAZA. By Aldous Huxley. 10s. 6d. UGLY BREW. By Jake Wynne. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—INTERVAL ASHORE. By Herron Giddy. 7s. 6d. DENT.—LAUGHTER FROM THE LOWLANDS. By Hugh Talbot. 7s. 6d. WENSLEYDALE. By Ella Pontefract and Marie Hartley. 6s. DUCKWORTH.—TOWN MICE. By Margery Maitland Davidson. 7s. 6d. BURNT MALLOW. By Priscilla Johnston. 7s. 6d. THE SHORT GAME. By P. A. Vaile. Introduction by Henry Longhurst. 5s. GOLLANCZ.—THE LAST ENEMY. By L. A. G. Strong. 7s. 6d. HITLER THE PAWN. By Rudolf Olden. 12s. 6d. EUROPE UNDER THE TERROR. By John L. Spivak. 8s. 6d. MIGUEL OF THE BRIGHT MOUNTAIN. By Raymond Otis. 7s. 6d.

(Continued in 3rd column)

(Continued from 1st column)

THE CRIMSON PATCH. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. 7s. 6d. RETURN OF A HEROINE. By Marguerite Steen. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—OUR STRANGER. By Edgar Meredith. 7s 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—MASQUE. By D. M. Locke. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—CALAMITY COMES OF AGE. By Gregory Baxter. 7s. 6d. THE FAITHFUL LOVERS. By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—SEA VIEW. By Norah C. James. 7s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE CAVE MAN. By Lilac Lane. 7s. 6d. "SATURDEE." By Norman Lindsay. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY: Masaryk Speaks. By Emil Ludwig. 15s. THE WANDERINGS OF WENAMEN, 1115-1114 B.C. By Jack Lindsay. 7s. 6d.

LEISURELY BEAUTY

Teagowns Provide a Perfect Setting for Individuality and for Charm Graciously Expressed

Peter Clark

FASHIONS change from season to season, sometimes drastically, sometimes only in small things. But teagowns go on for ever. In a world where slender suits and coats have become almost a uniform they give every woman an opportunity of living up to her own secret picture of herself.

They are extraordinarily versatile, too, these teagowns, for the term itself is elastic. First and foremost it stands for those glamorously beautiful velvet and lamé wraps which are drawn closely round the figure, and sweep the ground in long curved trains. But they also, in their newest guises, could go happily to a cocktail party, and they are perfect for country-house dinners.

At the advance showing of their autumn models, Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., had some exquisite examples. Two are photographed on this page. The one on the left is of amethyst velvet, with classic sleeves, a boat-shaped neck, a gauged yoke, and a large blue belt buckle. It costs only 10½ guineas, and can be made in almost any combination of colours.

Fur-edged sleeves give a regal note to the teagown above. This is in a deep wine shade, with a cowl neck and flowers on the shoulder, and one of its greatest advantages is that one slips into it like a coat and ties it at the side. Its price is 8½ guineas, and this, too, can be made in any shade.

For the very young there are gored taffeta frocks—worn with little jackets with fluted basques; or there are ring velvet teagowns with charming stitched petal collars. Either of these costs only £5 19s. 6d., and for the very sophisticated there are matt crêpe tailored suits with white ottoman waistcoats and jewelled fobs.

DANE WEDS SCOT: Countess Lucie Reventlow, a relative of Count Haugwitz Reventlow (husband of the former Barbara Hutton), accompanied by her father as she arrived at Castle Bra-Hetrolleborg, Denmark, for her marriage to Mr. John Boswell, of Ayrshire. After the ceremony pipers provided a guard of honour

A FAIRY TALE LOVE STORY: The tiny island of Thorne, near Pembroke, on the south Welsh coast, and its fortress which has for some years past been the summer residence of Miss Lena Pearson, the heiress granddaughter of Admiral Sir H. F. Woods. It was here that she fell in love with her boatman, Mr. Sydney Hicks, and recently the couple were married on the adjacent mainland

ROWING HIS BRIDE HOME: Fisherman Hicks and his heiress wife crossing from the mainland to Thorne Island where they are now spending their honeymoon

ROMANCE *at* HOME *and* ABROAD

NEWS *for the* MOTORIST

Building a New Road in Essex—Blackfriars Bridge in the Throes of Repairs—From Forge to Petrol Station

CUTTING A WAY THROUGH EPPING FOREST: A mechanical grab being used in the construction of the new road joining Waltham Abbey and Theydon Bois, Essex

BLACKFRIARS JAM: This vital link between north and south London is always inclined to be the scene of traffic congestion, but extensive road repair work in the centre and at the Ludgate Circus end of the bridge has made matters even worse and this in spite of the fact that many vehicles have been diverted. The position is further aggravated on account of the temporary Waterloo Bridge being inadequate to take its share of the extra strain involved

KEEPING ABREAST OF THE TIMES: This centuries old house at Ightham, Kent, was for three hundred years a shoeing forge and a stopping place for coach travellers. Now it is a petrol station catering for the modern knights of the road

If you know a better oil than

WAKEFIELD PATENT Castrol

tell Eyston!

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Drawings by Percy Home

"THE CATHEDRAL OF THE PRESSMEN": Looking towards St. Bride's from Salisbury Square; a view made possible by demolition work which now reveals the grace and dignity of this City church rebuilt by Wren. The interior, considered to be one of the great architect's best designs, contains many notable memorials, including the grave of Samuel Richardson the novelist

A Wren Masterpiece Revealed

Demolition Work in Fleet Street and the Vicinity Provides New and Delightful Views of the Old Church of St. Bride

OWING to the demolition of Byron House, Fleet Street, and some neighbouring properties in Salisbury Court the whole structure of Wren's beautifully designed church of St. Bride is being revealed to the public gaze. One picturesque glimpse of the church has been known to those who wander in the alleyways of newspaperdom. This is the charming vista obtained from Bride Lane at a point opposite St. Bride's School with its effigies of boy and girl scholars—but never in recent times has the grace and dignity of this "Cathedral of the Pressmen," as the Bishop of London once termed it, been so dramatically and completely revealed as at the present moment.

Historically the church is of considerable interest. The original church was built in the thirteenth century and was one of those which perished in the Great Fire of 1666. Many well-known figures were associated with this church, among them being the famous Thomas Fuller, author of the *Worthies of England*, who was for a time vicar of the church. Samuel Pepys was baptised there, and thirty-three years later witnessed its destruction. One of the earliest of the great printers, a contemporary of Caxton—Wynkyn de Worde was appropriately buried in the church which was to be so associated with the newspaper world. But the most distinguished of those who were interred here in the days before the Great Fire was Richard Lovelace—the poet whose well-known lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so well
Loved I not Honour more"

have become household words even to those who know nothing of the handsome young courtier-poet, accounted "the most amiable and beautiful person the eye ever beheld."

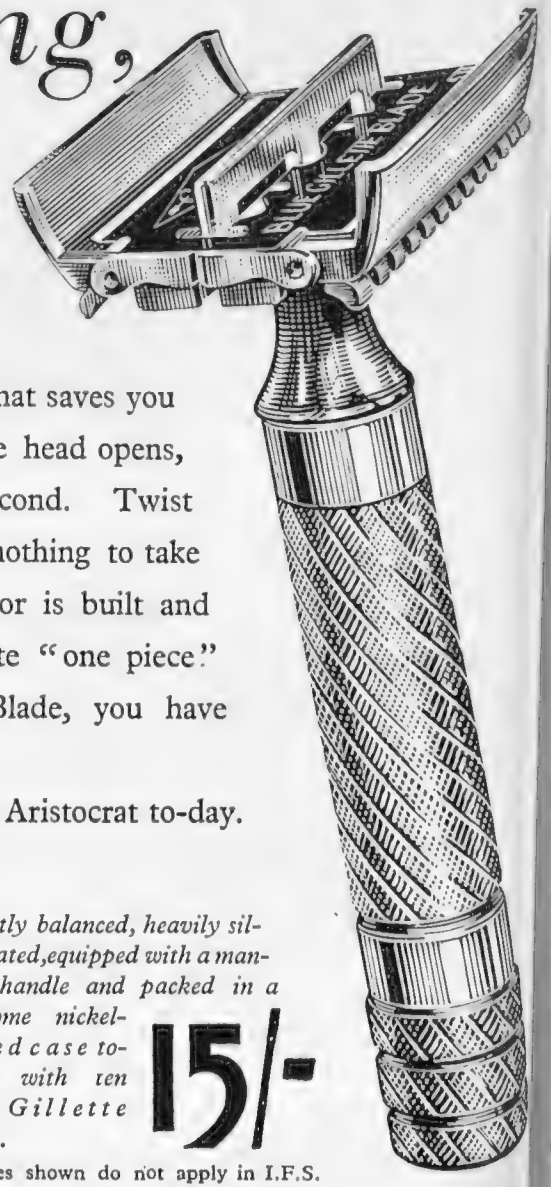
Lovelace had an adventurous life, devoting himself to the cause of King Charles, and suffering under the Commonwealth, when he lost his Kentish property. "Poor in body and purse . . . in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver) . . . lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants." He died two years before the Restoration in Gunpowder Alley, and was buried in St. Bride's—in the old church which was to fall a victim to the raging fire less than ten years later.

In Wren's church another writer lies buried—Samuel Richardson—who began his life as a printer, writing his famous novels *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, in the intervals of his business, which he maintained to the end of his life.

"A MADRIGAL IN STONE": The beautiful steeple of St. Bride's towering above the surrounding buildings. A picturesque glimpse of the church from Bride Lane well known to frequenters of newspaperdom. On the right are the old schools with statues of a boy and girl set high into the wall

Save time in the morning, use the

GILLETTE *"one piece"* ARISTOCRAT



Here's the Gillette "one piece" Aristocrat—the razor that saves you time and trouble every morning. Twist the handle—the head opens, allowing you to remove or replace the blade in a second. Twist again and you are ready for a perfect shave. There's nothing to take to pieces, nothing to put together. And the whole razor is built and finely balanced like a sensitive watch. With the Gillette "one piece" Aristocrat and the electrically-tempered Blue Gillette Blade, you have the perfect shaving combination.

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Perfectly balanced, heavily silver-plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel-plated case together with ten Blue Gillette Blades.

15/-

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This England . . .

Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire.

SLOWLY THE "stately homes of England" disappear. But do not mourn them unduly if their usefulness is gone, for this England is no museum of a dead past, but a vibrant, living land. Let us regard them with affection rather, for what they were . . . the nurseries of those great traditions that are our strength to-day. In the humblest things of life they set the standard—baking, weaving, brewing, all were done at home then; and if many a secret of stillroom or kitchen is lost, others survive. A beer such as Worthington for instance, comes direct from the best practice of our forbears. Life was hard but the living of it was made graceful, and that fine English beer belongs as surely to your past as do the oriel window and shaded walk that delight you to-day.

Canada's Shop Window

Toronto Stages Its Great National Exhibition for the Fifty-eighth Time

FEW places are able to maintain a great exhibition annually for many years in succession. One of the most remarkable is that held at Toronto every autumn and which this year makes its fifty-eighth appearance proving its efficient vitality. True it has the local population of Toronto, now 850,000 inhabitants, but that alone would not account for the remarkable attendance of some 2,000,000 people during the two weeks of its virile existence at the end of August and beginning of September. As many as 260,000 have been visitors on a single day.

Covering an area of 350 acres, with 2,250,000 sq. ft. of floor space for exhibitors, and exquisitely laid out parks and gardens, it forms a complete show city in itself. Situated on the water front of the charming Lake Ontario it has the added attraction which a large expanse of rippling water holds with its fresh and vigorous life afloat and ashore.

Handsome permanent buildings, housing the innumerable exhibits of not only Canada and the British Empire, but also of many other nations, cater for all classes of traders as well as sight-seers. For the first time in the history of the exhibition there will be a special Scottish display arranged by the Scottish National Council. International sporting events take place in the stadium with a grandstand seating 25,000 people, and the adjacent lake forms a venue for all forms of boat racing and aquatic sports. Sir Malcolm Campbell's record breaker *Bluebird* is to be shown, and Imperial Airways Ltd. will have a very practical educational exhibit.

A DOMINION WEMBLEY: *Left*—Crowds outside the stadium at the Toronto Exhibition where, in addition to the trade shows, many important sporting events take place. *Right*—Statuary on the Electrical Building, one of the permanent structures built in the Exhibition grounds which are situated near the shores of Lake Ontario

Musical performances, including a 2,000 voice choir and famous Canadian, British, and American bands purvey for all tastes. The famous Kneller Hall Band, so ably conducted by Major H. E. Adkin, received such a welcome reception in 1934 that they have been invited again for this year.

There are many minor side shows where the giddy throng can spend their dollars or their dimes to their hearts' content, while the æsthetic senses are charmed by a veritable fairyland of scenic lighting effects.

The exhibition management spare no efforts in going out of their way to boom outstanding achievements of Great Britain, and it is hoped that many from the Mother Country will visit this wonderful show.

Edwin H. Judd

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society has under its care a large family of 1,100 poor boys and girls. These children are being given a real chance in life to make good. Not only does the Society maintain and educate these children, but also trains them for a particular trade, such as mechanic, shoemaker, tailor, etc. The boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are trained for the Royal Navy or the Merchant Navy, and the girls for domestic service. This great work is urgently in need of funds, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters at 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

TELEVISION UPON US

(*Continued from page* 300)

There need, however, be no fears. The producers have been selected from good old trusties at Broadcasting House under the brilliant general director-ship of Gerald Cock. Originally in charge of the Outside Broadcast, he is a man of infinite adventure and resource. He has been a mining engineer, a sapper during the war, an explosives expert, a ranch owner in America, the managing director of a film company, and has seen adventure from Mexico to Alaska. He is now one of the great pioneers at Broadcasting House, and nothing he touches will ever lack life.

Now a word as to the systems which will be employed at Alexandra Palace. It will be recalled that the Government Committee set up to investigate television selected two systems for trial. These were the Baird system and the Marconi—E.M.I.—system.

These two systems will be strictly alternated week by week.

The Baird Television system is divided into three sections :—

(*a*) The International Film system, which consists of taking a negative of what is happening and the broadcasting of a positive of that negative with only a sixty seconds time lag ;

(*b*) The Telecine system, which provides for the broadcasting of sound films ;

(*c*) Is known as the Spot Light system, in which the actual image is traversed by a brilliant pencil of light, the fluctuations in intensity being registered by photo-electric cells.

Under the Baird system the radiation of lines has been brought up to 240 per picture, twenty-five of which are produced in one second.

The Marconi E.M.I. system is divided into two sections :

(*a*) Emitron direct shots (for plays, etc.).

(*b*) Emitron for television films—"Emitron" being the term applied to the E.M. television camera.

Under the E.M.I. system the radiation of lines has risen to 405 per minute, and a method of interlaced scanning is employed with the object of reducing flicker.

A full technical description of the systems would be quite out of place here, but such, very roughly, is a sketch of the two systems which will be given over trial at Alexandra Palace.

W. Holt White

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SEE THESE NEW MODELS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

NO cars on the road to-day are smarter or more graceful than these new Austins—yet every inch of the design is practical. While sitting in a natural position you have a full view of the road ahead—you are comfortable and safe.

These distinguished cars include the NEW TEN CAMBRIDGE SALOON, the NEW TWELVE ASCOT SALOON and the NEW FOURTEEN GOODWOOD SALOON—each of which supplies a convincing answer to those who doubt whether a car can be graceful *and* practical.

The new bodies are not only built for Comfort, but for Safety and Silence—they are constructed of steel throughout, and the roof, panels and floor are SOUND INSULATED.

Other body features are the swept tail to enclose a large suitcase and the spare wheel, the new deeply valanced wing design, the pressed-steel wheels and low pressure tyres and the new-design instrument board, which combine to give a car of exceptional attractiveness. On the chassis the improvements include new Girling-type brakes for greater safety, longer road springs for greater comfort, a new, flexible clutch and improved steering.

The Seven, too, has been greatly improved. It has a full panelled body with new type moulding and sloping windscreen. A new engine with three-bearing crankshaft gives increased power and sweeter running. A new clutch provides very smooth engagement, and the brakes are more effective.

You owe it to yourself to see the new Austin—to examine the fine quality of workmanship — to appreciate how stylish it is in a new way—how practical and dependable in the old way!

SEVEN *Prices at works.* **Effective Aug. 11th.**

NEW RUBY Saloon £125
NEW RUBY Fixed-Head Saloon £118
PEARL Cabriolet £128
OPEN ROAD Tourer £112 TWO-SEATER £102 10s.
NIPPY Sports Two-Seater £142

TEN-FOUR

CAMBRIDGE Saloon £178
CAMBRIDGE Fixed-Head Saloon .. £160
COLWYN Cabriolet £178 OPEN ROAD Tourer £160
CLIFTON Two-Seater £160

TWELVE

NEW ASCOT Saloon £210
NEW ASCOT Fixed-Head Saloon .. £190
OPEN ROAD Tourer £190 ETON Two-Seater £190

TWELVE-SIX

OPEN ROAD Tourer £215 ETON Two-Seater £215

Special with 15.9 h.p. engine
NEW KEMPTON Saloon £305

FOURTEEN

GOODWOOD Saloon £235
GOODWOOD Fixed-Head Saloon .. £215

†EIGHTEEN

CHALFONT Saloon (with division) .. £335
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†With Hayes Self-Selector Transmission £50 extra.

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THE SUN
requests your company
in
SOUTH AFRICA

IF the sports and pastimes of Summer and early Autumn have a particular appeal for you, there is no need to forgo their enjoyment because the sun chooses to "go on short time" in England after September.

In South Africa—only fourteen pleasurable days from London—the sun never slacks in such unseemly fashion, so that all the fun of summer—fishing, cricket, golf, tennis, sailing, swimming and a score of other recreations may be enjoyed with much pleasure and not a little profit to health and fitness.

There is adventure, too, in South Africa. Mountaineering, shooting, exploring and, for the less energetic, thrills every bit as exciting, from visits to the immense Game Reserve—where you may study wild jungle life from close quarters in perfect safety—the amazing Victoria Falls, age-old caves penetrating for miles below the earth's surface; the gold and diamond mines and, at almost every turn, the fascinating Native Life—a puzzling mixture of child-like naïveté and weird mysticism.

This year the immense Empire Exhibition makes Johannesburg the social centre of the Union and is the occasion of substantial concessions in fares both for the voyage to South Africa and travel within its borders.

Visit

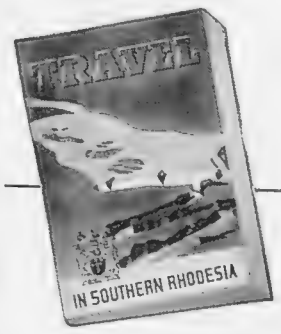
Full particulars of special tours and reduced rates in force during the Exhibition period may be obtained from the South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

SOUTH AFRICA

. . . one comprehends the greatness of Rhodes . . .

"The Matopos begin about fifteen miles from Bulawayo . . . the Grave is alone on the top of the world — a lovely, chaotic, primeval and brilliantly coloured world. No King or Pharaoh has so magnificent a tomb as the severely simple resting place of Rhodes. Standing on the summit of that sacred hill one comprehends the greatness of the man and the immensity of his vision. One feels that his spirit broods over the great country that is proud to bear his name . . ."

From "TRAVEL IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA"



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SOUTHERN RHODESIA

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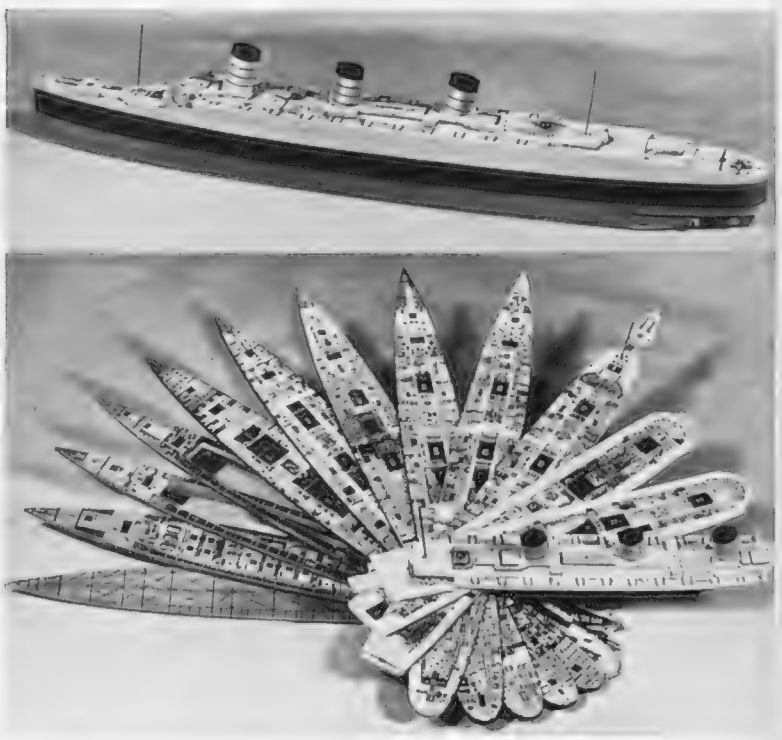

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ROMANTIC GERMANY—

And its Never-Failing Appeal to the Holidaymaker

FOR all the evidences of that new life of which one hears so much, for all the splendid modern buildings that are going up, for all the wide motor highways that are being built and the fast cars that travel on them, for all the feats of mass organisation such as have been recently performed in Berlin in connection with the Olympic Games, Germany is still, essentially, a land of romance.

And what, exactly, is to be understood by "Romance?" Anybody who has been to Germany will know at once, but for those who have not it is rather a difficult quality to define. Its first characteristic, I think, is a strong sense of connection between past and present: a feeling that the view you are looking at has been approximately like that and has been enjoyed just as you are enjoying it, for hundreds and hundreds of years; that it is history which has made those fertile fields and tidy vineyards and toy-like villages what they are, and has given a kind of mellow strength to the old cathedrals, and a grace that is unsurpassable to the flowery architecture of the Baroque age. The past lives on and is absorbed harmoniously into the present. That is perhaps too abstract to be of very much help, but fortunately concrete illustrations of it come readily to mind.

When you go up the Rhine, for instance, and see each pinnacle of rock capped by the ruins of an old castle—a certain number of them, incidentally, have been restored and are inhabited—inevitably your imagination carries you back to the fierce Middle Ages, to the days when every inch of this country, so calm and peaceful now, was fought for by the rival barons who built these strongholds and taxed their cunning to make them impregnable.

The Rhine itself, of course, is the most perfect expression of the quality I am trying to describe. The stretch between Cologne and Mainz, which is the most spectacular, and also the most convenient to visit, will show you more of the real Germany than you could see in any other way in the same space of time. And the best part of all is the Rhine Gorge, where the vine-covered slopes are steep on either side, and the river twists and turns between them like a serpent. Here, incidentally, is the famous Lorelei rock, and round about are some of the no less famous vineyards, whose names one finds on every self-respecting restaurant wine list.

All this district is immensely popular during the holiday months of July and August, but to anybody whose taste is rather for quietness it may be strongly recommended in September, when the first tinges of autumn colour are beginning to add richness to the landscape. September is a golden month in Germany I have always found; the country gardens are ablaze with dahlias, the sun still retains the best of its warmth during the greater part of the day, and the slight morning and evening nip in the air is pleasantly invigorating. It is just the right time of year for walks, and the walks you can find if you take one of the smaller Rhine towns—Bingen, for instance, or St. Goar as your headquarters—are virtually without number, and each seems more attractive than its predecessor. Without proposing to describe any of them in detail (for nothing is more unsatisfactory than to follow somebody else's set route; the fun about walking is in the discoveries one makes for oneself) I cannot help just mentioning the Wispertal, which is one of the loveliest of the valleys adjoining the Rhine, and which will, I hope, prove as great a source of enjoyment to anyone who visits it, as it has done to me.

St. Goar, of which I spoke just now, is a fascinating little town, and so for that matter is Bacharach, quite close to it, both of them having a number of very old houses, and the church of each being well worth seeing. Bingen is bigger—but not so big as to be disturbing—and there is I think, a good deal to be said for it as a centre from which to take leisurely motor drives.

There are several interesting large towns that may be visited during the course of a Rhineland holiday—and here again, September is an ideal month, for the theatres and opera houses are just opening again after a summer interval, and the shops are beginning to display their autumn stocks—always something of an event in Germany, the land of "novelties."

Cologne, for instance, can never fail to please. Approaching it by steamer up the river one sees the massive form of the cathedral rising out of the plain from miles away, long before any of the rest of the town is distinguishable. And in the same way, when you get there, the cathedral dominates everything. It is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of Gothic architecture in Europe, and when you stand for the first time in the Domplatz and look up at the great twin spires, towering above you, the experience is literally breath-taking. For my own personal taste it is rather too much of a good thing—it is so big, so highly ornamented, that the eye can take it in only one section at a time. But the interior is superb—cool and dim and remote.

Coblenz is another fine city, occupying an impressive position on the Rhine, but to me it has always seemed rather noisy and tumultuous, and I should not favour it as one in which to stay. Mainz, farther south, is another of the places with a good cathedral and many evidences of a prosperous past: at a certain period of history it was, indeed, one of the richest of German cities, but its trade, like that of many others, was ruined by the hostility of local rulers. In this case a Prince Bishop was the villain but the story has no place here, although it is an interesting one. It, too, is not really a town to stay in, although it is well worth visiting if one happens to be at one of the Taunus watering places, such as Bad Nauheim, which, although its official "season" draws to a close with September, continues to attract a certain number of people all the year round. Two other well-known watering places in the same vicinity are Wiesbaden and Bad Homburg.

A BASTION OF THE RHINE: An old fort dominating the right bank of the river at Rees, a town which recently celebrated its 500th anniversary

SCENIC WONDERLAND: A glorious and oft pictured reach of the Rhine where it passes through a rocky defile

Frankfurt-am-Main is, of course, the biggest city hereabouts. It used to be called the "financial capital" of Germany, and it has much of the dignity of a capital city, with a fine opera house and State theatre, and an "old town" that is extraordinarily picturesque. It is worth spending a day or two there, although it lies a little way off the beaten track for most Rhineland travellers, and although the sightseeing to which you commit yourself by doing so is rather intensive.

There is the cathedral, Gothic in style and built in red sandstone; there is the Römerhaus, where up till the eighteenth century the election and coronation of the Holy Roman Emperor used to take place—one of those curious survivals that still linked Germany with the glamour of the Middle Ages for long years after it had lost all political significance. Goethe, as a boy, witnessed one such event and has described it at some length in his famous autobiographical book *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. A particular interest attaches to reading this when you are actually there, because the old town is still in so many respects exactly the same as it was in his time. Goethe was of course, a native of Frankfurt (I say "of course" because it is a fact which one is never allowed for a single moment to forget when one is on the spot), and did not leave it till he was about seventeen years old. The house that he was born in and lived in—his father was a prosperous lawyer—is now preserved as far as possible in its original state as a museum. Here again *Dichtung und Wahrheit* is of help, because there seems to be hardly a detail of his childhood that Goethe left unrecorded, and one can momentarily, as it were, step right inside the book. Admittedly, none of this can be of quite such lively interest to an English visitor as it is to a German, but at the same time, Goethe is a remarkable figure, and there is a strange attraction in penetrating into the personal life of a man whom one has always known simply as a name.

Incidentally, it may also be mentioned that another name that is universally known, although in quite a different connection, was first heard of among the gables and bulging walls of old Frankfurt—I mean the name of Rothschild, which from obscure beginnings there in the eighteenth century was destined during the nineteenth to conquer a whole world of finance. Anybody with a fancy for reflecting on the nature of genius will find at Frankfurt an opportunity to indulge it to the full. There is even a very suitable bridge over which to lean while doing so, (you have to cross it to get to the picture gallery, which contains a respectable number of minor masterpieces), with a fine view of the old town and the cathedral tower to one side, and the river Main flowing slowly and inexorably as time beneath.

Write of one German city and inevitably you find yourself wanting to digress to others. After Frankfurt, for example, Munich. Munich is as different from the places that have been mentioned above as chalk from cheese, yet it conforms quite satisfactorily to my definition of "romantic" and is a town in which one might happily stay on and on for months after the last of the summer visitors have left. A slightly chilly breeze may start blowing from the direction of the Bavarian Alps once the evenings are drawing in, but the cafés are warm and friendly and Bavarian gaiety (seen at its most hilarious in the Oktoberfest, an open-air fair which takes place in late summer and goes on, without intermission, for nearly a week, or what must appear nearly a week to the participants) triumphs over all.

Then there are the picture galleries. Munich is one of the great art cities of the world, and a quite astonishing number of masterpieces is to be found in the Alte Pinakothek. The El Grecos are particularly well worth looking out for, as he is a painter whose works one has comparatively little opportunity of seeing (most of them are in Spanish churches and convents), and these are some of the finest examples. The gallery of the New Pinakothek houses a large collection of nineteenth and early twentieth century paintings, a great number of them by artists who lived and worked in Munich. Kaulbach, Feuerbach and Böcklin are the most notable names, and although their work may not appear very highly inspired to modern English eyes, yet it gives a useful clue to the south German *Stimmung* (a word that is not quite translatable, as it means something rather more than "mood" or "feeling") of the nineteenth century, which was the century of Wagner and the mad king Ludwig II, whose shadowy, handsome figure still haunts the royal palace and the palace of Nymphenburg, a few miles outside.

Richard Nowell

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 will be promptly answered

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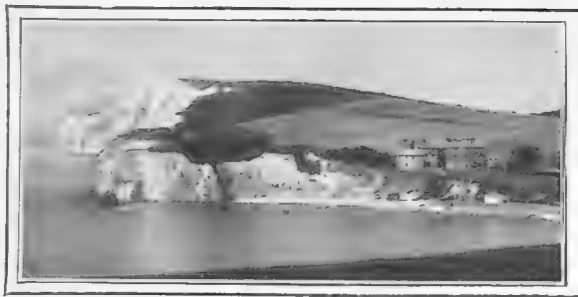

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The Delights of Asco Weeks of the Year—

TO those whose whole life is engulfed in the social swirl of the season "going to Ascot" can but refer to that one week in the year when tipsters, thoroughbreds, and cries of "They're Off" dominate all else.

So when the other week I announced to some friends that I was going down to Ascot the following day they all, almost in chorus said "A.s.c.o.t? You can't mean Ascot, it's Goodwood tomorrow, not Ascot." But I assured them that it was really Ascot I was off to, for to me there are fifty-one weeks in the year when Ascot has a far greater appeal than Ascot week itself. For I enjoy the Ascot of pines and pure air. Ascot as a golfing centre with Wentworth, Sunningdale, Swinley Forest, Royal Berkshire and Ascot Links all within a radius of half-a-mile to three-and-a-half. Ascot is a central headquarters for riding, walking, and driving in Windsor Great Park and other open spaces around.

One can go to Ascot for rowing on the Thames, but one also goes to Ascot to that home of good living the Royal Ascot Hotel, which is a worth-while objective for a "run-out" to lunch, tea, or dinner in any week in the year.

As it may be that you have never thought of Ascot except in connection with Ascot week, I shall be doing my "good turn" both for SPHERE readers and for the Royal Ascot Hotel if I devote my article this week to an hotel which is certainly out of the common rut.

Under the proprietorship of Catering Houses, Ltd., who also own amongst others the Hogs Back Hotel and the Hoskins Arms Hotel at Oxted, I am going to pay it the compliment of saying that there is no sense of its being "Company owned," that is to say, one does sense the service of individuals rather than the machine.

If ever you go there the chances are that you will be welcomed by the manager, his wife, or both, and *seen* to your room to make sure there is everything for *your* convenience. You won't have to go into the dining-room and wait to catch the head waiter's eye to find your table; you will be escorted there to find your table waiting for you, and you will get the quite erroneous idea that the management have mistaken you for Royalty.

Writing of Royalty, there is every reason for the name, the Royal Ascot Hotel, as it is built on Crown land and Fort Belvedere and Windsor Castle are both within walking distance.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

during the other Fifty-one
Hospitality at the "Royal"

There are some forty bedrooms and a number of excellent suites. As I went round the floors there seemed to me to be more bathrooms than bedrooms, or at least as many, but even if I am wrong, there is certainly ample bathroom accommodation.

I think you will rather like the dining-room; no table-cloths, mats instead; no sense of crowding, and further, as the food is always piping hot, the service good, and the standard of cooking exceedingly high, perhaps my favourite seat at the Royal Ascot Hotel is my seat in the dining-room.

The daily table d'hote lunch at 3s. (Sundays 3s. 6d.) and dinner 5s. 6d., is extremely good value. I can still vividly remember items of a most intriguing menu the last time I dined there, the cantaloup frappé, the sole Mornay, and quite the tenderest entrecôte that I had had for many a long day. My friend and I both agreed that for 5s. 6d. a head we had a dinner which would have been double, or even treble the price in a West End restaurant.

When you think that the signboard immediately outside the hotel says "London 25½ miles"—and it is a run you can easily do in an hour—the Royal Ascot is worth memorising for one of those summer evenings or week-ends which, by the law of averages, we shall all be enjoying presently.

In an article in an evening paper the other day, the writer was bemoaning the lack of places near London where he could be sure of a good meal, and he went out of his way to revile the out-of-dateness of our country hotels. To me it seems a case of "eyes and no eyes" for I know of many places within motoring distance of the West End of London, particularly on the south side, which are a joy to visit at any time.

One such place which I am never tired of recommending, knowing that I will not be let down, is the Lake Hotel at Godalming. Nothing very much to look at from the road as one goes from Godalming to Milford, it yet has an inviting look when, after parking your car at the foot, you approach the front door. Mr. Alan Rudd, who owns it and personally runs it, has now got, to my mind, quite one of the nicest of the smaller hotels within easy reach of London. He attracts, and wants to attract only those who are appreciative of well cooked and well served food and also recognise, when they read a wine list, a good vintage wine.

I am not going to say any more about the Lake, except to say that I do give Mr. Alan Rudd full marks.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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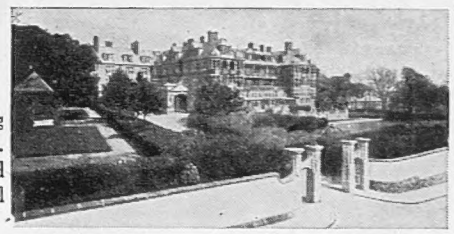

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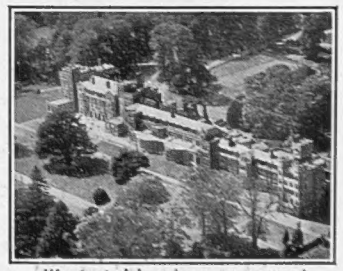

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PLAYS OF THE DAY: By PHILIP PAGE

(Continued from page 306)

The "Proms."—The forty-second annual season of Promenade Concerts is now well under way. The Queen's Hall packed and Sir Henry Wood never in better form. What British music owes to this wise counsellor, abundant enthusiast, and fine, practical musician can never be adequately expressed.

I looked in for the first Brahms concert. The B flat piano concerto was played soundly, if at times a little roughly, by M. Pouishnoff, who stayed the long, long course with undiminished vigour.

The orchestra sounded a trifle "arid" in the Second Symphony. Is not a whole evening of Brahms rather a mistaken arrangement? This mighty musician has a flavour apt to pall after an hour or so, largely because his orchestration is on the grey side. But if Brahms were re-orchestrated it would cease to be Brahms.

A Comedian Passes.—Harry Lytton was a dapper, smiling little man, who did not look as if he had been a faithful servant of the public for half-a-century. Most of that time he was in a much more literal sense the servant of Gilbert and Sullivan. He had talent rather than genius; but that talent must not be under-estimated because he was an interpreter rather than a creator. No professional *cliché* is more irritating (and in this case more unjust) than that to the effect that Gilbert and Sullivan parts are fool-proof.

On left — HIGH PRIEST OF COMIC OPERA: Sir Henry Lytton, the brilliant exponent of Gilbertian humour, whose death has just taken place at the age of sixty-nine. The D'Oyly Carte Company, of which he was the virtual leader for so long, opened this week in New York and in a special section of "The Sphere" last week pictures were given of leading members of the company

They are nothing of the sort. One has only to call to mind certain execrable performances in them to realise they are not for fools. It is true that Gilbert laid down inexorable rules for playing those parts and that the tradition that not a syllable was to be altered remained. Yet this tradition must surely be more of a handicap than a help. It cramps one's style. Harry Lytton cheerfully obeyed it, and in spite of it put an individual twist into each impersonation.

If he had not quite the "tang" of the late Charles Workman, no man could have played Ko-Ko as Lytton did without being an accomplished comedian, or have put such pathos into Jack Point without having something of the tragic gift. Above all, he was a graceful actor. He "showed a good leg" and his Duke of Plaza-Toro in *The Gondoliers* was a genuine period piece. In non-Gilbert and Sullivan musical plays he was rather out of his element. That was inevitable. But I remember his good performance in *The Earl and the Girl* at the Adelphi (that was rather an uncomfortably large number of years ago) and useful work in sundry other plays.

Also Lytton was a great lover of the theatre, proud of his profession, and jealous of its dignity. When knighthood came to him he had not quite the personality to step forward as a leader of the stage; he was modest and even shy and he was a poor public speaker. But he was a loyal friend to actors and to stage institutions; he loved to attend first-nights until ill-health forced him to retire from public life altogether; and I never heard him say an unkind word about anybody.

New Productions.—Ivor Novello will produce *Careless Rapture* at Drury Lane on Thursday, September 3. The play has been written and composed by Mr. Novello, who also appears in the cast together with Dorothy Dickson, Zena Dare, Walter Crisham, Ivan Samson, Minnie Rayner, Olive Gilbert, Eric Starling, George Elton, and Sybil Crawley. . . . Arthur Riscoe and Clifford Whitley's production, the musical play, *Going Places*, has gone into rehearsal at the Savoy, where it will be seen early in October. The play is to have a short tour prior to its West End production, beginning on Monday, September 7, at the Opera House, Manchester (two weeks), and from there going on to the King's, Glasgow, for a fortnight. . . . Godfrey Kenton, who originally played the part of Armond St. Réne in Rodney Ackland's play, *After October*, when it was first produced at the Arts Theatre, is to take over the principal male role at the Aldwych from Griffith Jones on August 24. He will play the part of Clive Monkhams, the unsuccessful playwright. Griffith Jones is leaving the Aldwych to join the cast of *Farewell Performance*, which opens in Manchester on August 31. . . . Florence Desmond is to take the leading part in *Let's Raise the Curtain*, the first of the "all-in-one" shows to be staged at the Victoria Palace by Kurt Robitschek.

SHOWS TO SEE

CAMBRIDGE: *Night Must Fall.*

COLISEUM: *Lilac Time.*

CRITERION: Lilian Braithwaite and Nova Pilbeam in *The Lady of La Paz.*

GARRICK: *Storm in a Teacup.*

GLOBE: Irene Browne and Owen Nares in *Call It A Day.*

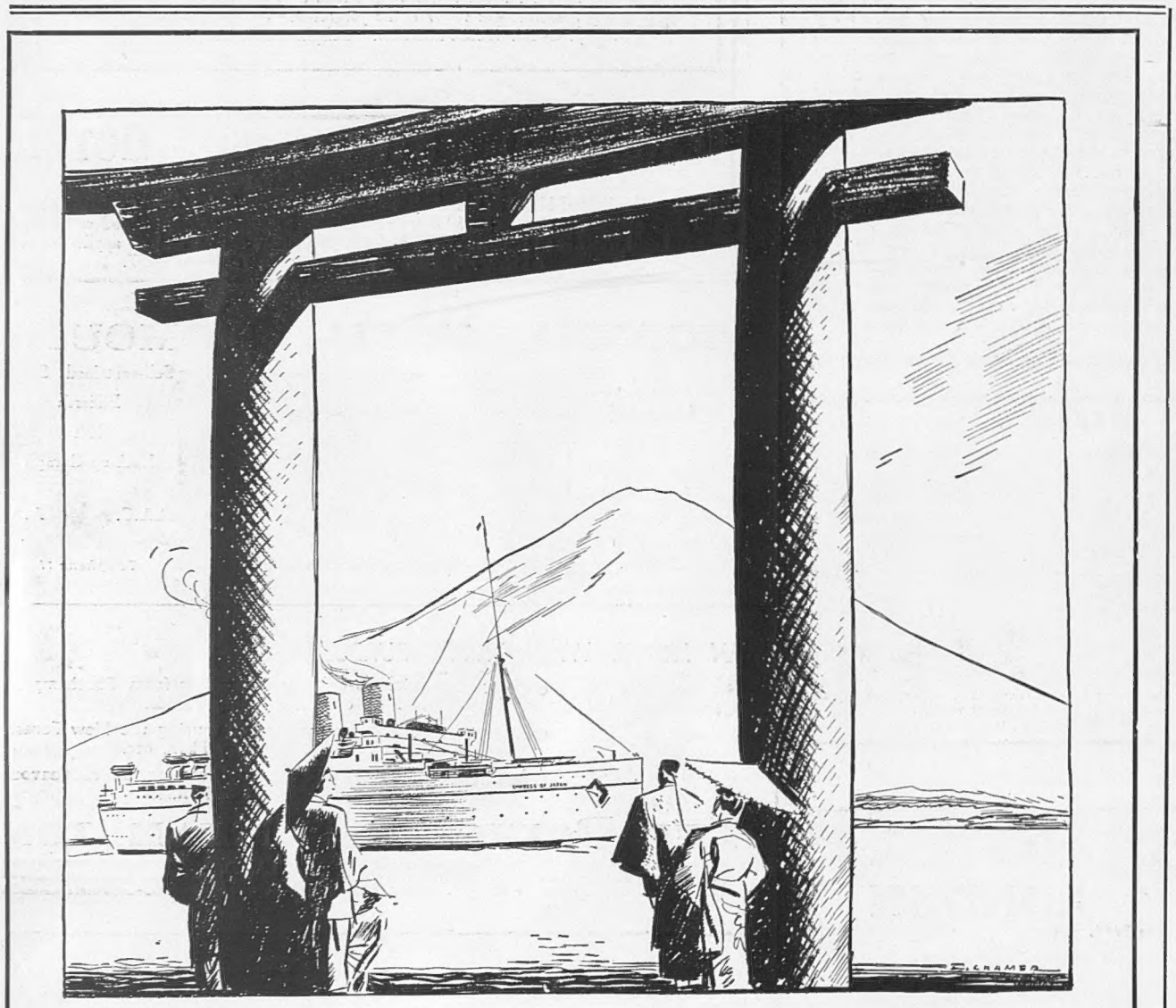
HIPPODROME: *No! No! Nanette.*

NEW: Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft in Tchehov's *The Seagull.*

PLAYHOUSE: Nancy Price in *Whiteoaks.*

ST. JAMES': Gelia Johnson in *Pride and Prejudice.*

STRAND: Robertson Hare in *Aren't Men Beasts!*



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